

# The Outlook

AUGUST 23, 1916

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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## THE STORY OF THE WAR: AUSTRIA BESET ON ALL SIDES

From Italy and Russia Austria is undergoing strenuous and continued attack. Germany has its hands full with its defense against the Anglo-French offensive and its operations before Verdun, now after six months also a defense instead of an attack. Austria has little to hope, therefore, from German aid to extricate her from her difficulties, as happened a year ago, although there is still a possibility of such a drive by Hindenburg near the Baltic as may halt Russia's sweeping advance. Instead of the unfounded rumors of a year ago that Russia might ask for a separate peace, there are now in some quarters questions whether Bulgaria or Austria may be forced to that surrender. One report from a Russian officer in this country even asserts that Russia now has 13,000,000 men equipped and ready to fight.

The occupation of Gorizia by the Italian army, as reported last week, has been followed by advances of General Cadorna's forces in two directions—northward against Tolmino to secure and consolidate the Italian position and prevent Austrian attack from the north while the Italian campaign against Trieste is pushed; and south and eastward on the great Corso plateau, which lies for twenty miles between Gorizia to the north and Trieste to the south, with valleys at east and west through which rivers and railways pass. The Italians already had a foothold on this plateau before Gorizia was taken, and in our week (August 9 to 16) made valuable gains. It is not to be assumed, however, that the capture of Trieste is to be an easy task.

The descriptions of the capture of Gorizia which come from Rome show that the final attack on the bridge-head after long bombardment was furious. One account says:

At last the infantry got the command to take the bridge. Then ensued bloody fighting out on the bridge itself, where it was bayonet and clubbed rifle and revolver hand-to-hand fighting

of the most desperate sort. Struggling Italians and Austrians clambered about the bridge parapets, and fully a hundred Austrians were flung into the waters of the Isonzo and drowned. The bridge once taken, however, it was with greater ease that the city was overrun by the Italians.

Three great achievements mark Russia's campaign for the week: the capture of Stanislau (August 10), eighty-seven miles southeast of Lemberg, and an important "stepping-stone" in Russia's march on Lemberg; the crossing of the Zlota-Lipa River (parallel to the Stripa and Sereth and farther west), which made the German army under General von Bothmer draw back and take a line of defense nearer Lemberg; and an advance in the far south, through the Carpathian pass of Jablonitz and the town of the same name, into Hungary. It is stated in despatches that the Kaiser insists that Kovel (north of Lemberg) must be held at all costs. There is no question that the Teutonic defense all along the line will be persistent, but already the Russian offensive has played a tremendous part—undoubtedly the leading part—in the concerted Allied offensive.

What of the Balkans? On August 11 despatches from Paris declared that the Allied troops in Greece had begun their great drive, aimed at clearing Germans, Austrians, and Bulgars from Servia. From Salonika a move was made against Dorian, forty miles northwest. This may very probably be the beginning of an attack on the Austro-Bulgarian forces which guard Nish, and may presage the restoration of Servia. At all events, one more great offensive against the Teuton allies is predicted. There are over 500,000 French, English, and Servian troops on this front, and if the railway line between Nish and Constantinople or Sofia and Constantinople is cut, Turkey as well as Austria will be in a bad military situation.

A newly published utterance by the irrepressible Max Harden is worth quotation. It is said in a despatch to the New York

"Sun," from which we quote, to have caused the suppression of the Berlin "Tageblatt" on August 1. Here are two or three significant sentences:

Declarations that this war was an inevitable war, that Germany was forced into it all unprepared and against her will, cannot be supported except by extremist partisans. Undoubtedly the conflict could have been avoided had the Government desired to avoid it.

Undoubtedly, too, it would have been avoided had the Reichstag been taken into the confidence of our rulers instead of being presented merely with a recital of actions taken independently of it. . . .

Now that the terrible events have occurred that have forever erased those misleading words, "the glory of war," it becomes necessary to put an end to the theory that any war is unavoidable.

#### MARKING TIME WITH MEXICO

The United States and Mexico have continued to mark time in the adjustment of the differences between them, although it must be said that the Carranza Government has been prompter in advancing towards the hoped-for settlement by Mexican and American commissioners than has the American Government. Carranza's three commissioners—Luis Cabrera, Alberto Pani, and Ignacio Bonillas—were ready to meet the American delegates before the name of one of the latter was announced. As we go to press the only man who has accepted appointment to this position is Mr. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior. Appointments have been declined by Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis and by another man whose name has not been made public.

It is reported that the opposition of Chief Justice White to the acceptance of the appointment by Mr. Brandeis was partly responsible for the latter's declination to serve. Another reason given is the Justice's desire to handle the large amount of judicial labor already amassed for his attention. Justice White is said to believe that members of the Supreme Court should not serve on commissions dealing with pending problems or questions of a political nature. There have, however, been many cases of justices of the Supreme Court serving on such commissions, the last case being that of the late Justice Lamar, who was one of the American delegates to the "A B C" Mexican Mediation Conference at Niagara Falls two years ago.

Since the National Guard was despatched

to the border there have been sporadic complaints of the food supplied to the Guardsmen. Major-General John F. O'Ryan, Commander of the New York National Guardsmen on the border, thought enough of one of these complaints—made by Alfred W. McCann, of the staff of the New York "Globe"—to give it official attention. General O'Ryan denied Mr. McCann's charges altogether, including specifically the most serious one, which alleged that some of the New York men had received insufficient food and food that was tainted.

If such charges are generally true, there ought to be an official investigation, but because there is an occasional case of bad food this is not sufficient reason for condemning the militia administration *in toto*, and certainly little is gained by the newspaper airing of arguments in regard to isolated alleged cases of inefficiency.

#### THE NAVAL BILL IN THE HOUSE

The Naval Appropriations Bill as accepted by the Senate is faring better in the House than did its companion measure for the reorganization of the army. By a vote of 283 to 51 (thirty-five Democrats, fifteen Republicans, and one Socialist composed the opposition), the Senate provision for the construction of sixteen capital ships within three years has been approved. The bill provides for the laying down, within six months from the time the bill is signed by the President, of four battle-ships, four battle-cruisers, four scout cruisers, twenty destroyers, twenty-seven submarines, nine fleet submarines, two gunboats, and eight auxiliary ships. For this programme of construction the bill makes available at once approximately \$110,000,000. The value of the time limit set by the bill will be recognized when it is remembered that Secretary Daniels has not yet permitted a beginning upon the construction of the two battle-ships authorized at the last session of Congress because he has desired that they should be built in Government navy-yards and not by private contractors. The Government yards to which these two ships have been assigned have required extensive improvements before work on these necessary ships could be begun. At the Mare Island Yard, to which one of the ships has been assigned, the water is not deep enough to float a completed battle-ship. Any battle-ship constructed at this yard will have to be towed elsewhere

to be completed unless a new channel is dredged.

An interesting comment on the present naval programme was made by Mr. Claude Kitchin, Democratic floor leader in the House. Mr. Kitchin asserted that within two months the Administration had reversed itself on the question of a big navy, "and expects me today to eat my words uttered when I opposed such a programme." Mr. Kitchin's embarrassment can be both understood and sympathized with when we remember that his colleague, Mr. Hay, of the House Committee on Military Affairs, who fought the Senate Army Bill tooth and nail, has been appointed to a life position as a Federal Judge. Verily, the way of the supporter is hard.

#### THE NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

During the past week Mr. Hughes, proceeding from the Middle West to the coast, has continued upon the offensive against the present Administration. It is quite natural that at this period of the campaign most of the news of interest and importance should come from the force in opposition. Aside from the replies to Mr. Hughes by Secretary Redfield and ex-Secretary Bryan, little news of interest has emanated from the Democratic side.

Mr. Hughes has continued his exposition of the shortcomings of the Administration in the matter of political appointments. For his scathing and just denunciation of the appointment made by Mr. Bryan to Santo Domingo he has found ready public sympathy. No one seems to have been particularly impressed with Mr. Bryan's defense of his act on the grounds that the office in question was not included within the civil service rules. Mr. Hughes has also made effective use of the fact that the head of the Census Bureau had been removed to make place for a deserving Democrat. To this charge Secretary Redfield replied in an open telegram that the head of the Census Bureau "was not removed or retired, but resigned, voluntarily, unasked." It was at Minneapolis that Mr. Hughes replied to this statement by reading a letter from Mr. Durand, ex-head of the Census Bureau, saying: "My resignation as director was distinctly a forced resignation." At Minneapolis Mr. Hughes also took up the better-known case of Mr. O. H. Tittmann, formerly head of the Coast and Geodetic Survey and a scientist of distinction, who was removed

by President Wilson to make way for a former veterinary surgeon from New Jersey. No explanation, either adequate or inadequate, seems to have been made to meet this charge.

In Fargo, North Dakota, Mr. Hughes laid his chief emphasis upon the question of National defense, and newspaper reports seem to show that unexpected enthusiasm was manifested by the farmers of that State concerning this issue. It was in Portland, Oregon, that he again took up the question of preparedness, and explained why the Administration about-faced on this important issue. He said, "Then a stalwart figure appeared before the American people, told them a few things, and then the Administration changed its mind." This allusion seems to have been appreciated by his hearers.

In Helena, Butte, and Missoula, Montana, Mr. Hughes renewed his attack upon the spoils system in politics and elaborated upon the sectional control of the Democratic party in Congress. He pointed out the disproportionate representation of the South in the chairmanship of important committees. An explanation of this can, of course, be found in the fact that the Democratic Congressmen from the South are re-elected to office to a much greater extent than their Northern colleagues. Seniority in Congress is one of the surest roads to promotion and responsibility. Perhaps a better opening for an attack upon sectionalism in politics might be found in the provisions which the present Naval Bill makes for navy-yards in Southern States.

Arriving at the coast, Mr. Hughes turned from domestic politics to international problems. Reading a paragraph from the platform of the Democratic party in which absolute protection to Americans "on our borders and abroad" is guaranteed, Mr. Hughes said:

That is a good doctrine, and I believe in making it real—genuine. I do not think that in making it real we will encounter the dangers of war. But I would not shirk war if it came with the performance of our obvious duty in the protection of American rights. In the protection of American citizens under international law we do not endanger our peace—we conserve it.

Those who are asking Mr. Hughes to specify exactly what he would have done had he been in command at the crucial times during the past four years are demanding something more than any human being can

properly answer. We hope, however, that as the campaign develops the country will have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Hughes expound his views in great and increasing detail as to our future international relations and our duty to help to maintain international justice.

#### THE RAILWAY INDUSTRIAL SITUATION

The Federal Board of Mediation, acting under the Erdman-Newlands Law, having in vain offered its services to bring about arbitration in the industrial dispute between the brotherhoods or unions of the employees and the railway managers, President Wilson last week held a series of conferences with the representatives of the two parties to the dispute. Up to Wednesday no definite result had followed this attempt to avert the threatened strike, which involves 235 roads and some 400,000 workers directly, and a much larger number indirectly.

The difficulty has been not so much in persuading the leaders and managers to accept the idea of arbitration as to reach a basis of agreement upon what shall be arbitrated. The men wish to confine any arbitration to their present demand. This is for non-passenger service of an eight-hour day with time-and-a-half rate of pay for all time worked over eight hours or after a one-hundred-mile run, in place of the present day of ten hours or a hundred-mile run; the railways wish to include various matters relating to the way in which the new system should be applied, if adopted. Under the proposed system, for example, a man whose daily wage was \$3 would receive for eight hours' work and two hours' overtime \$3.90. The "hundred-mile run" means that overtime begins to be counted after that distance is completed, no matter how short time the run has taken. The men say that they cannot enter on arbitration intelligently unless they shall receive counter-proposals from the managers, and assert that the new matters which the managers want to introduce into the discussion involve established rights which the brotherhoods have gained in thirty years of struggle.

Naturally, the President's urging of harmony lays emphasis on the responsibility which will rest on those who shall be most at fault in the tying up of traffic which would follow such a strike. What this would mean is indicated by the fact that New York City's Commissioner of Weights and Measures, Mr.

Hartigan, is urging the Mayor to act in preparation of a stoppage of food supply—New York City uses daily 2,250,000 quarts of milk and over 3,000,000 pounds of meat. The total injury to business, health, and comfort in such a strike is simply incalculable, and for that very reason the belief is general that some adjustment can and will be reached.

Elsewhere will be found an editorial discussing the broad issues involved in this kind of industrial warfare.

#### HAWAII

The Hawaiian Islands have now been part of the United States for eighteen years. On August 12, 1898, the islands were formally annexed to the United States.

Those eighteen years have been years of tremendous growth and change for the islands. According to the first United States census of the islands the population in 1900 was 154,001. In 1910 it was 191,909. Of course these figures are already far out of date, as within recent years the population of the islands has been increasing more than 10,000 annually by immigration alone.

Continental Americans are apt to forget that Hawaii is a Territory of the United States, holding the same status that our Western States held before they were admitted to Statehood. It is governed by a Governor and a Secretary appointed by the President of the United States, and by a Legislature modeled after that at Washington, consisting of a Senate and a House of Representatives.

Perhaps the greatest change that has come over Hawaii since we annexed it is the change in the population. When the islands were discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, the native population was estimated at about 200,000. This steadily decreased, so that by the Census of 1910 the pure Hawaiians numbered only 26,041. The natives are still decreasing, but in the meantime the flood of foreign population continues. As a rough estimate, it may be said that to-day the inhabitants of the islands are sixty per cent Asiatics, seventeen per cent Hawaiians and part Hawaiians, fifteen per cent Portuguese and Spaniards, and eight per cent Americans and north Europeans. The people from Japan far outnumber those of any other nationality.

Inasmuch as Japanese children born on the islands are American citizens, it is estimated that if the present proportion of racial

# CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

*Robert Carter in the New York Evening Sun*



WHEN WILL JOHNNY COME MARCHING HOME?

# CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

*Kirby in the New York World*



AN APOLOGIST FOR CHILD LABOR

*Cassel in the Milwaukee Sentinel*



WE MIGHT HAVE CLOSED THE BARGAIN BEFORE!

*Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger*



A STUDY OF UMBRELLAS

*Cassel in the Milwaukee Sentinel*



increase in the population is maintained the lapse of another generation will find the Japanese voters in the majority. Yet thus far it is pleasant to relate that there has been little race friction among the diverse elements in the Hawaiian population. Hawaii, like that other center of trade and travel, Panama, seems to have found a truly cosmopolitan spirit.

#### TWO NEW NATIONAL PARKS

The Secretary of the Interior has just announced the creation of two new National parks which have the peculiar distinction of both lying within the territory of the United States and yet being over five thousand miles apart.

The first of these parks, which was created by the proclamation of President Wilson, is on Mount Desert Island, on the coast of Maine, and is the first National park to be established east of the Mississippi River. It bears the appropriate but somewhat difficult name of Sieur de Monts, one of the great French explorers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries whose splendid adventures have been so entrancingly described by Francis Parkman and whose names will be forever associated with eastern Canada, northern Maine and New York, and the valley of the Mississippi.

This new Mount Desert National Park is situated on one of the most beautiful spots on the Atlantic coast. It includes lakes and mountains in an area of five thousand acres. From the summit of Jordan Mountain in the park the view of island-dotted Penobscot Bay is one never to be forgotten. The only sheet of sea water that is comparable to it for rocky, fir-clad beauty is that in the neighborhood of Stockholm, Sweden, whose summer resort of Saltsjöbaden is well known to Scandinavian tourists. But Saltsjöbaden possesses no mountains like those of Mount Desert. Those who love the sea will give this distinguished new member of the family of National parks a cordial welcome.

The second of these two National parks has just been established by Congressional enactment on the island of Hawaii. Congress thus "sets apart," says the Secretary of the Interior, "three celebrated Hawaiian volcanoes—Kilauea, Mauna Loa, and Haleakala—and intrusts their protection and development as National spectacles to the Department of the Interior."

Mauna Loa is a mountain over thirteen

thousand feet high and is capped, like the great peaks of the Alps, with perpetual snow. Yet at its foot are tropical forests. Thus the visitor to this park may see the snow of the polar regions and the ferns and luxuriant plants of the equator almost at one glance.

The architecture of the United States has been justly criticised by European observers. For cathedrals, palaces, sculptured monuments, and perfect landscape gardening we must still turn to the Old World and acknowledge, as we gratefully do, the unsurpassed contributions of Europe, Asia, and Africa in these domains of beauty; but Americans may take a just pride in the fact that their country is the only one in the world in which there has been established by the people a group of National parks in order to preserve some of the greatest scenic beauties and wonders of creation for the people.

#### HELP FOR PARALYZED CHILDREN

Of the children who have survived the epidemic of infantile paralysis (or poliomyelitis) which has been striking down thousands in New York City and vicinity, the first few to be attacked are now beginning to be discharged from the hospitals. As the weeks go by, the number of partly paralyzed children who are rid of the disease but not rid of its crippling effects will increase.

Whether these children will continue to improve in the use of their muscles will depend on the after-treatment they receive. If they leave the hospitals with proper braces, they will have a chance, some of them to make great progress, others to find at least measurable relief.

Those small patients who have been in the city hospitals have, of course, had free treatment; but the city has no funds with which to supply braces. The Department of Health gives them the use of cots and other hospital supplies while they are under its care, but is not empowered to use city funds for the purpose of giving supplies to the children after they are discharged; so, unless funds are provided otherwise, hundreds of children will go back to their families without braces, and therefore without the chance they ought to have.

As a consequence the New York City Department of Health, under direction of its Commissioner, Dr. Haven Emerson, has made provision for receiving contributions

for the purchase of braces and other needed appliances for these children. Checks can be made out to Department of Health, City of New York, and should be accompanied with a note stating that the money is sent for the purchase of appliances for the crippled patients, and giving the name and address of the donor. Every such contribution is separately acknowledged by the Department and is put into a separate account.

Few epidemics in civilized countries in modern times have caused such alarm. The percentage of reported cases that have ended fatally has been unusually high. Rigorous quarantine measures ought to be employed by communities exposed to the danger, and by every family in infected areas. Every suspected case should be reported. Business interests that work to suppress knowledge of such cases are public enemies.

Thousands of people, touched by the pathos of the stricken children, have wanted to help. If they have money, they can help by sending contributions for the purchase of appliances to relieve the crippled; and all, whether they have money or not, can help, too, by taking their part in forming and maintaining an intelligent public sentiment in support of those quarantine measures which the highest authorities on the subject recommend.

#### THE CIVIC ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

In winter, good music at high prices; in summer, no good music at all—that has been the musical condition of New York City until this year. Now twice a week, as we reported in our last issue, concerts of the best music by an orchestra of the highest quality, under the leadership of a gifted conductor, are given in Madison Square Garden.

A year ago an experiment in this direction was attempted. Miss Martha Maynard made up her mind that the musical desert of New York in summer should be irrigated. Through her efforts five public-spirited women stood behind her with money. An evening newspaper, the "Globe," disinterestedly gave the project publicity, and a few concerts were given. The response was enough to encourage Miss Maynard, but the standards were not high enough to satisfy her. By this time a number of men of means had become interested. Notably among them Mr. Otto H. Kahn entered into the plan with enthusiasm and with the conviction that "the best was none too good."

An orchestra of eighty-six pieces was

formed from the best players in the Philharmonic Society, the New York Symphony Orchestra, and the Metropolitan Opera-House Orchestra. Mr. Walter Henry Rothwell, a native of England, for years a resident in Vienna, one time Director-General of Music at the Royal Opera of Amsterdam, conductor of opera in America under the Savage régime, and for seven years conductor of the St. Paul, Minnesota, Symphony Orchestra, was secured as conductor of these summer concerts. The great interior of the Madison Square Garden was transformed. For acoustic purposes new walls and ceilings were made by hanging cheesecloth, and wires were strung across below the cheesecloth ceiling.

The music given ranges from the Viennese waltzes of that master of dance music Johannes Strauss, through the compositions of such masters as Wagner and Liszt and Weber and Gluck, to the symphonies of Tchaikowsky, Beethoven, Schubert.

This music, performed by an orchestra unsurpassed in personnel, can be heard for ten cents! Those who occupy the ten-cent seats are perhaps more discriminating in taste than many of the "fifty-centers," for they come from the East Side, where the foreign-born music lovers abound, or from the ranks of music students. And in the fifty-cent seats, as well as elsewhere in the house, can be found business men who in the winter never dreamed of going to a concert. They are discovering a new world. Never before had they visited the land of music. Now they are becoming interested; and when winter comes they will find their way to the orchestral concerts of the long-established organizations, and keep going to them without shame.

The response has been enthusiastic, but not large enough yet to establish the experiment as a fixture. An orchestra of eighty-six pieces requires a large attendance, at the present scale of prices, if expenses are to be paid. The underwriters of these concerts await the verdict of the New York City public. The organization behind these concerts has been incorporated under the name of the Civic Orchestral Society. If enough people show unmistakably that they desire the series to be perpetuated, the directors of the Society (William Delavan Baldwin, President; James Byrne, Vice-President; Arthur Farwell, Second Vice-President; Otto H. Kahn, Treasurer; Miss Martha Maynard, Secretary; Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt; and

Miss Lillian D. Wald) will take the necessary steps to insure the continuance of the concerts next summer.

#### A GARDEN OF GERMS

Few people are aware of the great number of activities carried on under the roof of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York City. Even those frequent visitors to the Museum who have followed the growth of its great collections which has taken place in the past decade are possibly unaware of the fact that, together with the mastodon and the flamingo, the meteorite and the butterfly, the redwood and the stalactite, this great civic institution houses a garden of germs.

This garden of germs, now some five years old, is the only adequate collection of its kind in existence. It is described in a recent number of the Museum Journal by Professor C. E. A. Winslow in the following words:

In one of the tower rooms of the American Museum of Natural History is a strange sort of miniature botanical garden. All that the casual visitor would notice in the large concrete closet which forms the inner sanctum of this unique laboratory would be rows upon rows of test tubes in neatly arranged and classified wooden racks. A somewhat closer inspection would show in each tube a sort of jelly. On the slanting surface of the jelly is what looks like a smear of whitish paste in some tubes, while in others the paste is more abundant and yellowish, and in still others it looks like a wrinkled mass of moist brown paper. The smear or the wrinkled mass in each case is a growth of microbes, millions of them, and the collection is a museum of living bacteria. . . . There are now about seven hundred different strains of living bacteria in the Museum collection, representing practically all known types of this diverse group. Bubonic plague has alone been excluded on account of accidents which have occurred in other laboratories with this peculiarly deadly germ. Typhoid and diphtheria germs, however, are to be found with those of whooping-cough and cholera, meningitis and leprosy, influenza and pneumonia, and a dozen more of such pathogenic forms. The original strain of tubercle bacillus isolated by Robert Koch is there, with one of the most recently discovered of disease germs isolated by Plotz, and believed by him to be the cause of typhus fever. In the collection, also, are the bacteria which cause plant diseases and those which decompose foods. There are strains of the Bulgarian bacillus which makes buttermilk and the lactic acid bacteria utilized by the tanner. One germ that infects sugarcane came from Louisiana, and another was

found fixing nitrogen in the soil of a bean-field in the Middle West.

The main purpose of this unique collection is to provide for scientists a permanent standard collection of bacterial types. Before this collection was created, the discoverer of a new microbe had been forced to depend for identification chiefly upon written descriptions.

It has been the policy of the Museum to distribute sub-cultures from the strains of bacteria in its collection as widely as possible to all responsible persons, and in all cases without charge. Disease germs are, of course, carefully guarded, being sent only to laboratories of known standing. Special "teaching sets" are sent to the smaller colleges and normal schools for use in class work. The comments that have been made upon this garden of germs by scientists throughout the country furnish ample testimony as to its value and importance.

#### CONCERNING CATS

The cat as a domestic animal has had a checkered career. It has been worshiped as a god and burned alive as a consort of the devil. It has not wanted a legion of enemies to malign its character and its temperament; it has not wanted defenders as staunch as the lady who advertised in a Berlin paper: "Wanted, by a lady of rank, for adequate remuneration, a few well-behaved and respectably dressed children to amuse a cat in delicate health two or three hours a day."

Of all of this we are reminded in an excellent monograph by Mr. Edward Howe Forbush recently published by the Board of Agriculture of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. If we were a cat, we should not feel very happy over the indictment which Mr. Forbush has drawn up against the *Felis domestica*. The chief complaint which Mr. Forbush has to make against this familiar and yet unfamiliar denizen of our fireside is that it is a most incorrigible killer of birds, and in support of this charge he marshals a chain of evidence which is apparently irrefutable.

There are few people who realize how many cats there are who do not even claim an elementary allegiance to mankind. It is from this class that the greatest menace to wild life comes. Mr. Forbush says:

Wild or feral house cats that pass their lives mainly in the fields or woods are seen rarely by human eyes, except by those of the hunter or naturalist. Therefore many people who have

never investigated the matter, and never have seen such cats, find it hard to believe that they are numerous enough to be a great menace to wild life, but nearly all my most observant correspondents who roam the woods and fields report traces of many cats.

If the domestic cat in this country has taken to the woods and to the destruction of feathered game, mankind must share with cat kind the responsibility :

There are many other ways in which cats revert to a wild state. Cats are not all alike in disposition ; occasionally one will leave its home and its master, walk out into the night and disappear, perhaps to return after months, perhaps never. Many leave good homes in the spring and take to the woods and fields, returning only when the approach of winter drives them to a nest in the haymow or to the master's fireside ; but the most prolific cause of the return of cats to the feral state is not the fault of the animal, but that of man—abandonment by their owners. Thousands of families go into the country or to the seaside in summer, taking cats or kittens with them, and leave their pets on their return to the city, not knowing, perhaps, that such cruelty is forbidden by law.

Mr. Forbush estimates that in Massachusetts alone domesticated cats kill in the neighborhood of a million birds a year. Accepting the estimate of the Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission on Fisheries and Game as to the number of stray cats in the State, at least two million more birds destroyed by cats should be added to this estimate.

#### THE VICTIMS AND THE REMEDY

The list of birds which have been known to suffer from the activities of cats which are not under proper control, according to Mr. Forbush, is over one hundred. It ranges in variety from the ruby-throated humming-bird to the night-hawk, from the bob-white to the Blackburnian warbler, from the scarlet tanager to the screech-owl. To offset this record of destruction the economic value of cats as ratters and mousers is comparatively negligible.

Apparently Mr. Forbush has little hope of any moral regeneration in the cat world. His chief recommendations to remedy the situation have little to do with the education of the cat and much to do with the education of human beings in the menace of this familiar marauder. He writes :

The evils connected with the unrestrained liberty of the cat can be abated only by reduc-

ing the number of cats to a minimum, limiting breeding, destroying superfluous kittens at birth, restraining or confining cats kept as pets and as ratters (particularly at night and during the breeding season of the birds), . . . and destroying all stray and feral cats, wherever they may be found. . . . It is our duty to check with a firm hand its undue increase in domestication, and to eliminate the vagrant or feral cat as we would a wolf.

We recommend a reading of Mr. Forbush's pamphlet to bird lovers and cat owners.

#### THE TRUDEAU FOUNDATION

It has been said that institutions are the lengthened shadows of powerful personalities. This is particularly true of the Adirondack Sanitarium, which reflects more and more distinctly the spirit and work of Dr. Trudeau. Happily, both the spirit and the work, while professional in character, were profoundly and nobly human in intention and service. The "Beloved Physician," to recall the title of a delightful sketch of Dr. Trudeau, was as much a soldier in the fight for humanity as if he had been in the trenches of Flanders or of France. He was temperamentally every inch a soldier, fighting an apparently losing battle with unflinching courage and winning the fight on a far higher plane than he himself always understood. Lying weeks at a time on the sleeping-porch of his house, unable to do any work, his genius was the inspiration of a whole community. Himself a sick physician, he created a great and valuable property.

Out of his own need grew the idea of a sanitarium for the treatment of the host of men and women who were the victims of tuberculosis in its various stages. The story of his own investigation of the nature of the disease and his tireless search for remedies is one of the romances of science. Out of them has come the development of a series of agencies to carry on the research into the nature of tuberculosis, its possible cure, and to train young physicians with the gift for specialization to carry on this work. During the last years of his life the emphasis of Dr. Trudeau's interest was laid on the establishment of a school for this purpose. This school has been founded and is now in operation, with every promise of a success as large and as important as Dr. Trudeau foresaw. Men are seeking its instruction from all parts of the country. Among them are physicians who intend to become specialists in the treatment of tuberculosis, others who

desire to make public work their life-interest. These men, largely young, form an enthusiastic company of workers organized to conserve life both by curing and by preventing disease.

It has been said that perhaps two-thirds of all the original work done in this field has been done either at Saranac Lake or by graduates of Saranac Lake. Young men have gone from Dr. Trudeau's teaching and influence to all parts of the country; and the chief purpose of the Trudeau Foundation is not only to perpetuate and broaden this scientific activity as a memorial to Dr. Trudeau, but to make it a highly efficient form of service to humanity.

For the purpose of maintaining this school adequately a yearly income of \$25,000 is required; and already nearly \$275,000 has been promised towards the endowment. Such a spirit as Dr. Trudeau's is both immortal and irresistible. There is an army of men and women scattered throughout the whole country who, without solicitation, feel it a privilege to do anything which shall commemorate the "Beloved Physician." Subscriptions for this purpose may be sent to the "Journal of the Outdoor Life," 298 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

#### A NEW DRIVE AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS

Whether or not it is possible by careful medical supervision to eliminate, or at least absolutely control, tuberculosis is a question that is now about to be solved by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis by a three-year experiment in a small city in New York or Massachusetts. For this purpose a fund of \$100,000 will be expended, and the conditions of the experiment limit it to a community not exceeding five to ten thousand inhabitants. Canandaigua, Johnstown, and Patchogue, in New York, and Framingham, Winchendon, and Norwood, in Massachusetts, are under consideration by the committee chosen to select the place.

This consists of Dr. Edward R. Baldwin, of Saranac Lake, President of the Association; Dr. Lee K. Frankel, Dr. Charles J. Hatfield, and Homer Folks, of New York; Dr. Arthur K. Stone, of Boston; Dr. Stephen J. Maher, of New Haven; Dr. William Charles White, of Pittsburgh. Dr. Donald B. Armstrong, of New York, will be the executive officer of the experiment.

As soon as the place of the experiment is selected the committee purposes, with the aid of local physicians, to discover every case of tuberculosis in the town, every individual who has been exposed directly to the disease, and particularly all children up to sixteen years of age who have had contact with a living tuberculosis sufferer. Every known case of the disease and every exposed case of whatever nature are to be under some sort of supervision during the three-year period, in the home or in an open-air school, in a tuberculosis clinic or in a hospital or sanatorium. In this way, and by keeping in close touch with all new families or new babies in the community, the committee hopes to be able to prevent the spread of the disease, to stop the development of new cases, if not to effect cures, and to determine the absolute and the relative worth of the various methods usually employed in fighting tuberculosis.

#### THE NEW ATTITUDE OF PHYSICIANS TOWARD ALCOHOL

In 1899 the Hospital of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia, with 3,206 patients, used alcoholic drinks worth \$1,135.22. In 1915, with 6,312 patients, the expenditure for similar beverages was only \$364.53.

This decrease in the use of alcohol is typical of the changed attitude of American physicians generally. Last year the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church arranged with Dr. Winfield Scott Hall, head of the Department of Physiology of the Medical College of Northwestern University, for a canvass of American medical men to discover what change, if any, there was in the medical mind toward alcohol. In order that there should be nothing to influence the replies one way or the other, the letters of inquiry were written on Dr. Hall's own letter-paper, and the replies were to be sent to him. Letters were received from forty-two hospitals in leading cities, from the presidents of medical societies representing twenty-seven States, from medical colleges and private practitioners.

The Protestant Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia reported as above. Thirty-nine of the forty-two hospitals replying stated that the use of alcohol as a remedial agent is decreasing. A number said that practically no alcohol is now used. Several reported a decrease in the use of alcohol during five years of fully ninety per cent; others say

seventy-five per cent; while few reported a decrease of less than thirty per cent.

Almost without exception the presidents of State medical societies state that alcohol is useful as a medicine only to a very limited extent. A great number of them think that "other drugs are better." Dr. Stephen Harnsberger, President of the Virginia Medical Society, says, "Alcohol is sometimes valuable in fractional doses to allay the anxiety of patients or friends."

The replies received from medical colleges were usually signed by professors of therapeutics and practice. Twenty-four say that beer is of no value as an aid to convalescence. Fourteen find it useful only under exceptional circumstances, as in the case of those accustomed to drinking alcohol as a beverage.

## FACTS WANTED

If an enemy force should land on the coast and begin an invasion, the evils from which the people would suffer would to a great degree not be due to the direct action of the invaders, to their bullets, their torches, their violence. The most widespread ills would come from the consequent disorganization of industry, the choking up of the channels of commerce, the sudden stoppage of food supplies. It is exactly these same evils that would follow a big and effective railway strike.

Those Americans who were on the Continent of Europe when the world war broke out know something of what that meant. Money dropped in value. Access to the outside world was cut off. There was a sudden shortage in certain important and perishable articles of food. Imperious calls of illness and death summoning the members of a family to a bedside had to go unheeded. Even in mobilization the railways could be partly used; but in an effective strike the railways are for the time being wiped out of existence. Few people have imagination to picture to themselves what a catastrophe a general railway strike would be.

What should a civilized nation do to avert so great a calamity?

France averted it by calling out the railway men as soldiers, and then assigning them the task of running the trains as a military duty. This was effectual.

But the French Republic owns its railways and all its male citizens are subject to mili-

tary service. The American Republic neither requires of its citizens universal military service nor owns its railways.

If great railway strikes can be averted in no other way, the United States may have to adopt Government ownership of the railways. Those who do not wish to see Government ownership tried, who fear the possibilities of political evil in creating a great body of civil servants with a financial interest in keeping their jobs and political power to use for that purpose, must offer an alternative.

The present system, or lack of system, is not an alternative worth considering. The railway employers and employees have the Nation's highways in their keeping as their private business. By lockout or strike they can close those highways. There is nothing to prevent them except persuasion. The President has called representatives of both sides into consultation and has tried persuasion; but as representative of the public, whose highways the railways are, he has no power.

In some way there must be supplied, on behalf of the public, the element of compulsion.

To what end must compulsion first be directed?

Employers and employees must first be compelled to withhold action until the facts are ascertained.

At present the public has no means of knowing the facts.

Some body must be created or some existing body endowed with power to examine into the facts, reach findings, and make those findings public. That body might be a special group of men appointed for the purpose, as was done in the great coal strike of 1902, or, as we should prefer, it might be a permanent body, sitting continuously, and charged with the duty of collecting and classifying and filing for reference all facts relating to industrial conditions on the railways.

Any railway company refusing to await the findings in a particular controversy should be put into the hands of a receiver. In such case it would be industrially bankrupt, just as truly as it would be financially bankrupt if it refused or was unwilling to pay its obligations.

Any body of railway employees refusing to await the findings in the case of a controversy should be treated as deserters are treated, deprived of their privileges as members of a labor organization, and placed under guard.

When the findings are published, there may

be no need of compulsion to secure their acceptance. Public opinion is a force of great power. Those who refuse to abide by the facts, ascertained by public representatives, have in most cases been defeated in labor controversies.

If public opinion, enlightened by knowledge of the facts, fails to secure industrial peace, it will then be time to consider whether the element of compulsion should be carried further, or whether resort should be had to Government ownership.

## SHALL WE VOTE FOR WILSON?

Mr. Theodore Price in his article elsewhere in this issue has made out a very strong case for the economic achievements of the Wilson Administration. To those who vote for a President of the United States because, above everything else, they want his Administration to give them economic prosperity the article will be very persuasive. If we believed that the coming Presidential election should be decided solely upon economic grounds, it would perhaps be difficult to combat Mr. Price's statistical arguments.

Even in an economic debate, however, it would be fair to point out that the Federal Reserve Act, which Mr. Price is right in calling the superlative achievement of the Wilson Administration, is the product, not of Mr. Wilson's constructive statesmanship, but of the Republican statesmanship which created the Monetary Commission and enunciated the principles of the Federal Reserve Currency System; and that the Income Tax Law is economically pernicious, because through its exemption clauses it is not justly democratic.

Another economic weakness of the Wilson Administration is its failure to establish a National budget system. It is the lack of a National budget that gives us to-day "pork barrel" appropriations, haphazard expenditures unrelated to any coherent plan, and special taxes laid, now on this article and now on that, whenever there is a special need for money. If Mr. Price were President of the United States, we believe the very first thing he would do in order to make his Administration economically sound would be to establish a National budget. This the Democratic party has so far declined to

do, and it is thus fundamentally lacking in economic leadership.

But our opposition to Mr. Wilson is not based on economic grounds. It is based upon his failure to put into effective practice, in one of the greatest crises of the world's history, those principles of justice and liberty which were written into the charter of this Republic by its founders. They said that the chief right of mankind under government is the right "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and asserted that it was the duty of Americans to maintain that right and to attempt to overthrow governments that denied the right. Mr. Wilson says that the chief right of Americans is the right to safety and prosperity, and their chief duty is to be neutral in the great world controversy that now actually threatens their safety and prosperity.

When we say this to the advocates of Mr. Wilson's re-election and point out his failure to protest against the invasion of Belgium, they reply: "But the invasion of Belgium was so sudden, so unexpected, so incredible, that even the greatest Americans were too dazed to make a protest."

But twenty-one months is certainly a long enough time for a statesman to take in formulating his policy with regard to an international crisis of unprecedented gravity. And twenty-one months after the invasion and ravaging of Belgium Mr. Wilson, in an important public address in Washington, again stated his policy of neutral indifference with regard to the European war in the following language:

"With its causes and its objects we are not concerned. The obscure fountains from which its stupendous flood has burst forth we are not interested to search for or explore."

We assert again that a statesman who can deliberately take this attitude with regard to a gigantic human struggle that is likely to change the whole course of civilization for generations to come, and who can and does conform his political deeds to such a formula, is not a statesman whose judgment on any grave question we can trust.

In ordinary times the American people have often chosen their Presidents for economic or financial reasons. In extraordinary crises they have chosen their Presidents for their human ideals when those ideals have been put clearly before them. Washington was not made the great leader of his country because he was a sound economist in his private affairs and one of the most successful men of his time in industry and business. He

was chosen because he was willing to suffer privation, the loss of property, and even death in the defense of human liberty. Lincoln was not chosen because he was a great lawyer and because the people believed that he could maintain a peaceful neutrality in a world-wide contest between the advocates of bondmen and the advocates of freemen. He was chosen because he was concerned in the causes and the objects of slave power, and because he was interested to search for and explore the sources of the flood that threatened to tear the Republic asunder.

It may be that the mass of Americans have not yet risen to an appreciation of American ideals. It may be that they do not yet realize that their prime duty is to stand publicly for those ideals at home and abroad. If so, is it not because Mr. Wilson has failed to grasp the great opportunity of moral and patriotic leadership that was offered to him? Instead of rising to a great occasion, instead of touching the consciences of the people and arousing them to their duties, Mr. Wilson appears to us to have devoted himself to "playing safe." Such a spirit in such a crisis of civilization as the world is now facing repels our sympathy and confidence. We prefer to follow the King of the Belgians rather than the King of the Greeks.

## ABOLISH MODERN TORTURE

About a year ago a farmer and his housekeeper in New York State were brutally murdered. Opposite their house lived a German by the name of Stielow with his wife and his brother-in-law, Nelson Green. A reward of six thousand dollars was offered for the detection and conviction of the murderer. Stielow and his brother-in-law were arrested and by a detective were put through what is currently called the "third degree." This is a process of cross-examination conducted privately by the police, generally for the purpose of extorting from the accused a confession of the crime. Stielow can neither read nor write, and both he and his brother-in-law are said to possess sub-normal intelligence. At the end of the inquisition a written paper was put before Stielow and he was told to subscribe to it, which he is alleged to have done by a mark or seal. On the trial Stielow was convicted of the murder and Nelson Green was convicted of being accessory. Stielow was sentenced to death and Nelson Green

to imprisonment. The official report of the trial is not before us, but it is reported to us, on what we regard as good authority, that there was no evidence against Stielow except this confession. He afterwards declared that he did not know what it contained, but signed it because he was assured that if he did the detective would secure his release. The prison authorities at Sing Sing became satisfied of his innocence, and Mrs. Grace Humiston, of New York, became interested in the case and convinced of Stielow's innocence, and set to work to secure his release. The Appellate Court had confirmed the conviction, we presume on the ground that there was no disregard of law in the trial, and that the question whether the confession was genuine or not was one for the determination of the jury. The Governor refused to interfere. There was clearly no case for pardon, for if Stielow had committed the crime it was one of unpardonable atrocity, and the Governor rightly refused to retry the case after it had been passed upon by the Court. A day or two before Stielow was to have been executed Mrs. Humiston secured a stay of proceedings, and before the execution could take place under that stay another man by the name of King, arrested for another crime, confessed to Mrs. Humiston that he himself with an associate had committed the murder. He has since retracted this confession, and charged that Mrs. Humiston bribed him to make it, a charge which we do not conceive that even those most convinced of Stielow's guilt or most desirous to get the reward upon his execution do or can believe. It is certain that if Stielow were to be tried now, with the fact of King's confession before the Court, no jury would declare Stielow guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

The "third degree," so often practiced, as in this case, to wrest from the accused a confession of crime, has long been condemned both by our ablest psychologists on scientific grounds and by our ablest jurists on the ground of law and justice. It is but a new form of the old method pursued in the Middle Ages of extorting confession by torture. "There are," says Professor Münsterberg in his interesting volume "On the Witness Stand," "no longer any thumbscrews, but the lower orders of the police have still uncounted means to make the prisoner's life uncomfortable and perhaps intolerable, and to break down his energy. A rat put secretly into a woman's cell may exhaust her nervous sys-

tem and her inner strength until she is unable to stick to her story. The dazzling light and the cold-water hose and the secret blow seem still to serve, even if nine-tenths of the newspaper stories of the 'third degree' are exaggerated. Worst of all are the brutal shocks given with fiendish cruelty to the terrified imagination of the suspect."

That sometimes this brutality is inspired by a desire on the part of the police to win a reputation for success, sometimes by the more sordid desire to get the reward offered for the detection and conviction of a criminal, can hardly be doubted by any one who possesses a knowledge of human nature. But even when it is inspired solely by a desire to ascertain the truth and serve the ends of justice, as is probably often the case, it is still unjustifiable. Excellence of motive did not justify the inquisitors of the Middle Ages. Says Henry Charles Lea in his "History of the Inquisition:" "Employing with cynical openness every resource of guile and fraud on wretches purposely starved to render them incapable of self-defense, the counsels which these men utter might well seem the promptings of fiends exulting in the unlimited power to wreak their evil passions on helpless mortals. Yet through all this there shines the evident conviction that they are doing the work of God." The conviction of the high-minded policeman that in the employment of the "third degree" he is serving the ends of justice no more justifies his method than did the conviction of the inquisitor that he was doing the work of God justify his similar method in the Inquisition. The excellence of his motive may protect the policeman from our criticism, but not the method which he employs from our condemnation.

And that method is illegal, unjust, inhuman, and worse than useless. It violates the fundamental principles of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence and shocks the American sense of justice. Anglo-Saxon law assumes that every man is innocent until proved guilty; the "third degree" assumes the accused to be guilty unless he can prove himself innocent. Anglo-Saxon law forbids the use of torture to wrest a confession from the accused; the "third degree" employs a mental torture hardly less brutal than the rack or the thumbscrew. If current reports are true, the prisoner, even when no special devices are employed to destroy his self-control, is not infrequently subjected to an exami-

nation conducted continuously for twenty-four or even thirty-six hours by successive examiners, until he breaks down from sheer exhaustion. Anglo-Saxon law forbids secret tribunals; the maintenance of a "star chamber" was one of the chief counts of the Puritan indictment against the administration of Charles I; the "third degree" is conducted in secret with no friend or counselor of the prisoner present to guard his rights. Anglo-Saxon law forbids cruel and unusual punishment; the "third degree" inflicts a cruel and unusual punishment on an accused not proved guilty and therefore presumably innocent.

And this illegal and inhuman method of treating the accused fails lamentably in its object—the detection of crime. It is almost as likely to wrest a confession from the innocent as from the guilty. The experience in the Middle Ages that confessions wrested from the accused and testimony wrested from witnesses were wholly untrustworthy is confirmed by the experience of the courts in many a case where that untrustworthiness is not so dramatically established as it has been in the case of Stielow. Professor Münsterberg gives a number of illustrations of this truth. One must here suffice:

Every lawyer knows the famous Boorn case in Vermont, where the brothers confessed to having killed their brother-in-law, and described the deed in full detail and how they destroyed the body, while long afterwards the "murdered" man returned alive to the village. The evidence against the suspected appeared so overwhelming that they saw only one hope to save their lives—by turning the verdict, through their untrue confession, from murder to manslaughter.

The "third degree" has grown up naturally. It is less the fault of the police than it is of the law which makes no provision for a carefully guarded inquiry of the accused by a properly appointed official. Ex-President Taft put this matter very clearly before the graduating class of the Law School of Yale University in an address delivered in June, 1905, an address to which The Outlook called attention at the time, but which seems to us to have received very much less consideration from the public and from legislators than it deserves. He said:

If the administration of criminal law is for the purpose of convicting those who are guilty of crime, then it seems natural to follow in such a process the methods that obtain in ordinary life. If anything has happened and it is im-

portant to discover who is the author of it, the first impulse of the human mind is to inquire of the person suspected whether he did it, and to cross-examine him as to circumstances. Certainly this is the domestic rule by which your wife or your mother proceeds to find out who it is that broke the window, who it is that stole the jam from the pantry, or why it is that the sweeping has not been done by the person charged with that duty. She goes to the suspected culprit and asks the questions natural under such circumstances, to see whether her suspicion of guilt is well founded. Now the proposition that it is unjust to call upon the person suspected of a crime to tell of his connection with it is at first sight untenable. Why is it unjust? If he is not guilty, will he not have the strongest motive for saying so? and if he is guilty and seeks to escape liability, will he not use every effort to make his conduct consistent with his innocence? Why, then, does it expose the defendant to improper treatment if an officer of the law at once begins to interrogate him concerning his guilt? But the answer is, he has the right to consult counsel. He should not be hurried into statements which he may subsequently desire to retract. In other words, he should be given an opportunity, after he has committed the crime, to frame in his mind some method by which he can escape conviction and punishment.

We are inclined to think that the Prison Reform Associations, State and National, in this country could undertake no reform better worth their while than one which would involve the absolute abolition of the "third degree" and the substitution of a guarded examination of the prisoner by a judicial officer appointed for that purpose. We would have the law absolutely prohibit the police from making or permitting any private secret inquiry of the accused. We would have him brought, as is done in France, before a judicial officer, whose attitude of mind, however, should be rather that of a judge in a children's court than that of a prosecuting official, and whose object it should be, not to convict the accused of crime, but to make it easy for the accused to tell the truth. Such inquiry should follow immediately after the arrest; the prisoner should have a right to have a friend or counsel present; he should be advised that he may keep silence if he chooses to do so, but that this choice of his would go before the jury if he comes to trial, and would be taken into account by them in reaching their decision. Save for the judge, the accused, his friend or counsel, and possibly the policeman making the arrest, the

inquiry should be private, neither public nor reporters being permitted to be present. The newspapers should be left to depend for their information on the official reports furnished them by the courts.

That this method, borrowed from that pursued in the family, and adopted though not in its best form by the Code of France, can be adopted in this country without modification we do not affirm. But we are sure that the illegal, unjust, inhuman, and inefficient method of the "third degree" ought to be abolished absolutely, and that such abolition is not practicable unless it is accompanied by some rational and guarded method for a legal, just, human, and efficient method of getting at the mind of the prisoner at the bar.

## A COMPLAINT CONCERNING MR. ROBERT CARTER

The editors of The Outlook have a decided grudge against Mr. Robert Carter, of the New York "Evening Sun." It is a grudge founded on the inescapable fact that he adds considerably to our editorial labors.

Once a week it is our task to choose from the work of newspaper artists a group of cartoons typifying the development of public opinion throughout the country. Clippings from all over the United States are piled upon our library table, and a large and empty waste-basket placed conveniently at hand. Then the work of selection begins. Cartoons with good ideas badly executed, cartoons with poor ideas respectably executed, and cartoons which in both thought and craftsmanship are deserving of summary execution rapidly pass the way of all flesh. When the basket is filled to overflowing, upon the table there remain perhaps a scant dozen of cartoons from which a final choice must be made.

And this is where the intrusive Mr. Carter generally breaks in upon our editorial calm. It has happened more than once that when the chaff has been taken away the bulk of the remaining wheat is found to be inscribed with the name of Mr. Robert Carter. In righteous indignation we ask Mr. Carter, How can conscientious editors provide a variety of cartoons for their readers when one cartoonist insists upon monopolizing most of the good ideas and a still larger percentage of the good drawings?

We insistently wish to call Mr. Carter's offense to the attention of the Inter-State

Commerce Commission, or any other public service body with the power and the will to act against the activities of this apparently unrepentant monopolist.

Even if we cannot forgive Mr. Carter his annoyingly frequent successes, we are broad-minded enough to express openly our debt to him for what is, perhaps, his best contribution to the record of American cartoon history.

We like, without qualification, his presentation of Uncle Sam. Mr. Carter's Uncle Sam is not a pen-and-ink abstraction. He is the visible embodiment of an ideal. Lincolnian in stature and countenance, austere of thought and speech, courageous of heart and mind, strong enough to be tender, wise enough both to dream and to act, Mr. Carter's image of our National spirit looms like a mountain-peak among the conventional visualizations of the American Nation. The Uncle Sam of Mr. Carter's creation is a citizen of the world, with world-wide sympathy and understanding. Yet in the transition which he has undergone from the rustic Brother Jonathan of half a century ago he has not lost the true tang of Americanism, the shrewd humor born of the open spaces of an undeveloped continent, nor the vision and the outlook of the eternal pioneer. We want more of Mr. Carter's Uncle Sam, not only in the pages of the "Evening Sun," but in the halls of Congress and in the executive chambers of our Government.

## THE LAND THAT PAID NO TAXES

Some people called it Utopia; others suspected that its political philosophy might be improved upon. At any rate, it was a pleasant land flowing not only with the milk and honey of Biblical tradition, but also with the gasoline of modern civilization.

The strange thing about this land was the fact that nobody ever paid any taxes. That is, no one ever *had* to pay any taxes. Of course the Government needed money and used a great deal of it, but all it ever received was collected by "voluntary contributions." At least that was the theory of all those who declared that the system was the bulwark of democracy.

This was how it worked out in practice. Once in so often the Government called for a tax rally. Flags were flung to the breeze,

speakers stumped up and down the land, bands played, and the roadside was made hideous with multicolored posters. The general purport of this excitement was to bring home to the average citizen the fact that the Government wanted money and wished to get it quickly.

Now all this hullabaloo affected different people in different ways. Some men marched up to the tax-collector and turned over all their worldly goods, and then trudged away to the poorhouse. Others joined together in companies and gave their notes to pay certain specified sums of money upon demand. Still others, and these were in the great majority, sat by the roadside and cheered loudly for those who entered the tax-collectors' booths. But not infrequently they turned their backs on those who came out of these same booths, having given their all. And these same cheerers and jeerers always had excellent reasons for not contributing anything to the Government from their own purses. Either the crops had been too bad or too good, or the weather had been too wet or too dry, or the clocks had been too slow or too fast. It did not take a very robust excuse, on the part of those who wanted an excuse, to pass muster in the Land that Paid no Taxes.

After a long time those who had impoverished themselves and those who had pledged themselves to pay taxes all out of proportion to their means began to open their eyes to the situation. "It is a privilege to help our Government," they said; "but, because it happens to be a privilege, is it any less a duty? Since all our citizens use the roads, cross the bridges, catch the fish, drink the water, and enjoy the profound pleasure of criticising without stint the public officials that our Government provides, why should not all our citizens have an equal share in supporting that Government which they are inclined to boast of creating? We are not selfish. Let every one have a share in those tax garlands they have been so ready (at times) to place upon our brows."

Whereupon certain ethical leaders declared that the country was being given over to the dollar worship of Mammon.

And certain editors gave it as their opinion that the Ogre of Confiscation was stalking abroad in the land.

And certain lotus-eaters declared that their ancient freedom was at stake; that unless the proper steps were taken the time was

close at hand when it would be impossible for any man to reap where he had not sown.

Now, of course, every one of our readers knows, so far at least, that we have been talking moonshine. No government outside of Bedlam could endure on such a haphazard financial plan as we have described. To suggest such a plan in regard to even so

material a thing as taxes is to invite the ridicule of the stars.

Yet this is the exact plan which our Government has pursued these many years in regard to the giving of life itself in the service of the State. If we so readily understand the significance of this plan in terms of dollars and cents, why do we find it so hard to comprehend in terms of blood and sorrow?

## LIFE ON THE BORDER—A GUARDSMAN'S LETTER

A LETTER comes to us from a New York Guardsman who complains that he has nothing to write about upon the border. We are rather inclined to wish that we had more correspondents afflicted with the same lack of literary material. This is his description of nothing at all:

"Only in fever does one picture Texas. For the first days I thought I must be raving, so colossal did it seem, so vasty and dead, so baked, parched, endless. From sunrise to sunset it stretches, inevitable, treeless but for scrub bushes, grassless, and the epitome of dreariness.

"Till I came to Texas I never knew what Kipling meant when he said, 'The dawn comes up like thunder.' I wish you could see dawn on the Mexican border. Frantic changes of color flashing over the riot of low clouds in the east, then, bursting suddenly, four broad red stripes, radiating out against a green sky. Then the sun, furnace-red, and instantly, from the cold of a night much cooler than the summer nights we know at home, a burning, wilting, disheveling, demoralizing heat.

"Thus the dawn. We are always up long before, so I never miss it. The first time I saw it I was so wildly excited I stopped grooming my horse and stared aghast, so breaking regulations two ways: 1. You must never get excited. 2. You must never stop grooming your horse unless he kicks you to death.

Heat. If you take your hat off, you die. If you would have it in cold (so to speak) figures, I worked the other day two hours in 138° F., after which I returned to my tent, where the same meteorologist pronounced it 105°. So much for the heat. Now the flora and fauna.

"The mesquite is a scraggly tree the

shape of a dwarf apple. It looks green and rather lush in places and has fern-like leaves. You grasp it, and forty thousand thorns, each an inch long and poisonous, penetrate your hand. The cactus is a very degenerate-looking plant; looks as if it had grown under the sea, fed on sewage from a summer resort; covered with long, poisonous thorns. Absurd attempts have been made at irrigation hereabout, so now and then you see a group of palms, and once I saw a yellow flower. Also there is a corn-field. Occasionally you come on real oases in the desert. The other day we found a real pasture of green grass, and the horses became so excited we had to call off the drill and let them graze for fifteen minutes in company with a vast herd of spotless white goats and a Mexican goatherd four years old.

"The tarantula is a brown, hairy spider about eight inches across. His bite is nasty. He has become domesticated to the extent of living in the tents. Likewise the scorpion, who resembles a white lobster. The rattlesnake comes about four to five feet long. His warning before he strikes sounds like escaping steam. The bullsnake is harmless but terrifying. One slept under my bed the other night. He was four feet long. There are many birds which you never see but which sing *all night long*. And we have disposed of the animal life—except the house fly of commerce, which is by far the worst pest of all.

"Now for the gay life of the soldier—band playing, flags flying in the breeze, brilliant uniforms, sabers flashing in the sunlight, dauntless war horses galloping over the fields, the merry note of the bugle, the gay voices united in the strains of 'Tipperary,' the solemn, thrilling swell of 'The Star-Spangled

Banner.' Doesn't your heart thrill at the thought?

"Monday I hammered nails all the morning and dug a post-hole all the afternoon. Tuesday I pitched dry manure onto a wagon, wiped out the eyes and noses of sick horses, peeled potatoes and onions, dug seven water drains, erected part of a horse shelter. Wednesday I fell into the river and three horses rolled on me. And so on. And all the rest of the dashing, crack, millionaire regiment of New York City did exactly the same, and expect to continue so during our stay. The most diverting thing we do is to bury dead horses. Our only fight occurred the other day when twenty-four men with drawn sabers pursued a bullsnake the length of the troop street, after which he escaped in the scrub.

"Now I've given you a drab picture of our camp. The fact is I am having a remarkably good time, and so is every one else. The food is excellent and lots of it, New York newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding. During the heat of the day we generally have a few hours off, when, as now in my case, we write letters or lie flat on our backs under mosquito-netting. There

is a constant breeze, as our camp is on high ground; that is, if anything in Texas can be considered higher than any other thing.

"McAllen proves an occasional diversion. It is a typical mushroom town, sprung up overnight and supported—I should say, plunged into a sudden sea of prosperity—by the soldiers. There is a restaurant where one sits and eats twelve eggs and a cantaloup at one fell swoop. The town is inhabited almost entirely by Mexicans, with a few Texans composing, as it were, an upper class.

"Now you and others say write! From the contents of this letter should you suppose there is aught to write of? Truly there is nothing. Here we are in a desert, digging ditches to let the water run off when it rains.

"And if you, like Peterkin, should ask what we are here for, I must echo the old response,

"'Ah, that I cannot tell,' said he,

'But 'twas a famous [diplomatic] victory.'"

We may remark, in conclusion, that the tribe of Peterkin has lately shown signs of a marked increase.

## KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

### THE ULTIMATE BELIEF<sup>1</sup>

SO much have I been interested in a little book—"The Ultimate Belief," by A. Clutton-Brock—and so heartily do I agree with its spirit and its fundamental principles, that I have a desire to introduce it to the readers of *The Outlook*. According to Mr. Brock, the ultimate beliefs are three:

Belief in morality.

Belief in truth.

Belief in beauty.

It is the author's conviction that goodness, truth, and beauty are ends in themselves; that they are not to be sought for some ulterior purpose, but for their own sake. We are to be honest not because honesty produces happiness but because it is honesty; we are to be truthful not because truthfulness promotes confidence but because it is

truthfulness; we are to appreciate beauty not because it gives pleasure but because it is beauty. His faith that the teacher may never sacrifice truth in order to promote goodness, that the artist may never sacrifice beauty in order to teach truth, the author presents with great clearness of style, cogency of illustration, and practicality of application. And he insists that this ultimate faith in goodness, truth, and beauty ought to dominate our system of education, else the teaching of morality becomes mere teaching of rules of conduct, the teaching of truth the mere teaching of traditional dogma, and the teaching of beauty the mere teaching of methods for producing sensuous pleasure.

In reading this book, in the conclusions of which I heartily agree, I have been led to ask myself if there is not something in common in these three ultimates—truth, goodness, and

<sup>1</sup> *The Ultimate Belief*. By A. Clutton-Brock. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

beauty ; something which makes them all ends to be sought for in themselves; something which is the one ultimate end which we should put before ourselves as the only real end to be sought for by us all in all our varied lives. I think there is. And, while it may be difficult, perhaps impossible, to define that something accurately, I will venture to express it by the one word harmony.

Let me illustrate my meaning, which will probably seem a platitude to some of my readers and a dangerous error to others.

Truth is harmony of expression with reality. When we tell the truth, we make, or at least endeavor to make, our words convey to the hearer exactly the idea which is in our own minds or the feeling which is in our own hearts. If we wished to speak the absolute and entire truth, we should wish, if we could, to throw open the windows of our soul and let our neighbor look in and see for himself exactly what ideas and ideals were nesting there—something which few of us would be willing to do at any time, and none of us all the time.

But truth is more than the endeavor to express to others with accuracy the reality ; it is also the endeavor to express that reality with accuracy to ourselves. It is the supreme desire that our conception shall be in exact harmony with the reality. A student once came to me, saying, "I have lost my faith. I do not know whether there is a soul in my body or a God in the heavens." I replied : "I shall be glad to talk these questions over with you. But let us understand at the outset that if there is no soul in our body and no God in the heavens we want to know the fact. It would be a terrible truth ; but any truth, however terrible, is better than any lie, however pleasant." The love of truth involves the desire to have our conception of life in harmony with the actualities of life, and therefore a supreme desire to be rid of all ignorances, prejudices, and prepossessions which prevent our seeing clearly these actualities. If, then, we are truthful—that is, full of truth—we shall not wish to believe in immortality because it will make death less terrible or life more inspiring. If we are mortal, we shall wish to know that we are mortal ; if we are immortal, we shall wish to know that we are immortal ; and if we cannot know whether we are mortal or immortal, we shall wish to know that the truth as to the future is concealed from us. We shall wish our beliefs to be in exact harmony with the reality, whatever that reality is. A little girl

in one of our Sunday-schools defined a lie as "an abomination to the Lord and a very present help in time of trouble." A false expression to others, or a false belief nested in one's own soul, is not only an abomination to the Lord, it is equally an abomination to the truthful person, as is an unresolved discord to a musician or a discordant color to an artist ; and because it is in itself abhorrent to him he has no inclination to resort to it as a help in time of trouble. The inharmony is to him the greatest of troubles.

As truth is the harmony of our thoughts and our utterances with the reality, so morality is the harmony of conduct, and of the motives from which that conduct springs, with the laws of life. Four of the Ten Commandments define concretely the four great laws of social morality : Thou shalt not steal ; thou shalt not commit adultery ; thou shalt not kill ; thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. These laws guard the four great rights of man—his right to his property, to his family, to his person, and to his reputation. If these rights are scrupulously respected, if the property, the family, the person, and the reputation of every member of the community are never disturbed and never endangered, the community is harmonious and peaceful. If the individual is always liable to have his property taken, his family invaded, himself assaulted, his good name slandered, the community lives in perpetual inharmony and turmoil. Social morality is social harmony.

No less is it true that individual morality is individual harmony. The various motive powers of the truly moral man are working harmoniously together. The motive powers of the immoral man are inharmonious. In the truly moral man, the man moral not only in his outward conduct but in his inward desires, all his motive powers have found their proper place and work in due subordination—therefore in harmony. His appetites and passions, his approbateness and self-esteem, his acquisitiveness and combativeness, work in obedience to and therefore in harmony with his conscience, his reverence, his ideality. The moral man is not without appetites and passions ; the one is necessary to his own preservation, the other to the perpetuation of the race. He is not without regard for the good opinion of others ; without such regard friendship would be impossible ; nor without respect for himself, which

is indispensable if he would have the respect of others. He is not without the desire to acquire and possess; this is the foundation of the virtues of industry and thrift; nor without the power of a just anger and a capacity to fight, without which injustice would go unchecked and unpunished. But these motive powers, indispensable to his own well-being and the well-being of society, are guided by his reason, controlled by his conscience, and directed to noble ends by his reverence and his ideality. It is this inward harmony of his powers which makes him a moral man; and it is because in few, if any, of us is this harmony perfect that few, if any, of us are perfectly moral.

As truth is harmony in the mind and its expression, and goodness is harmony in the conduct and its motives, so beauty is harmony in material things. We call architecture, painting, sculpture, and music creative arts, because the architect, the painter, the sculptor, and the musician are engaged in producing harmony out of discords, and this—not making something out of nothing—is creation. The architect out of a pile of timber and brick and stones and mortar constructs an edifice, and we call it a beautiful building. But if it is inharmonious, no amount of money expended upon it, no amount of ornament put upon it, makes it beautiful. I rode, the other day, by what had probably been a simple and beautiful New England home of the colonial type. Its modern owner was not satisfied with it; and he had covered it over with a perfect network of pinnacles and beads and scrollwork in order to beautify it. As a result, he had made it a marvel of monstrously inharmonious ornamentation. The painter out of the chaos of color on his palette makes a beautiful painting; beautiful because both in composition and in color it is a harmony. An artistic friend of mine sometimes criticises a garish picture or an ill-arranged bouquet by saying that the colors swear at each other. Harmony is the essence of beauty. The reader will instantly and instinctively apply this principle to music, which is nothing else than the creation of harmony out of separated or discordant notes:

“Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is nought;  
It is everywhere in the world—loud, soft, and all is said;

Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought,  
And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!”

If these reflections on life seem just to the reader, he will perhaps agree with me that the ultimate belief is belief in harmony. Exact definitions in such a matter are impossible, but some definiteness may be given to this undefined and undefinable faith. It involves the belief that the universe was not conceived in the womb of chance and was not brought forward for a life of haphazard. Faith will mean a conviction that when the present process of creation is completed it will be apparent that the Great Architect had from the beginning a harmonious creation in his thought; hope will mean an expectation that all the discords will at last be resolved in a finished symphony, the chaotic colors on the palette will be harmonized in a finished picture; and love will mean a dominating desire to work with the Great Artist in producing out of chaos an ordered creation, out of a disordered an ordered world—a truthful world in which conception and expression will always conform to reality, a righteous world in which conduct will always make for a social harmony because the motives out of which conduct springs will be harmonious in each individual, and a beautiful world in which all the processes of life will be and will be seen to be beautiful because directed to a perfected harmony in material things and material forces.

And the reader will perhaps further agree with me that the fatal skepticism is not disbelief in any theological dogma. It is disbelief in the reality of truth, goodness, and beauty; it is the belief of the materialist that in the world there is no real beauty, that is beautiful and only that which produces sensuous pleasure; the belief of the cynic that in man there is no truth, “all men are liars,” no honesty, “every man has his price;” the belief of the pessimist that there is no harmonious purpose in the process of creation and no promise of a harmonious result in its completion, and therefore there is no value in the efforts of men to bring about in a world now full of conflicts and contradictions a world perfectly attuned to beauty, goodness, and truth.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-Hudson.



TARGET PRACTICE ON THE FIFTY-FOOT RANGE AT PLUM ISLAND

Every cadet of the camp was required to fire at least thirty shots on this range. The shortness of the range was compensated for by the smallness of the target. Those cadets who were especially proficient here were entitled to shoot with service ammunition on the regular range. The officer in command of the company may be seen in the center of the picture leaning on his elbow and facing to the left; and the officer in immediate charge of the platoon at practice is the second standing figure from the right. The shooting was thus carefully supervised

# THE BOYS OF PLUM ISLAND<sup>1</sup>

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

"THE straight way is the best way."  
As I heard these words I turned the corner and came upon the stalwart youth to whom they were addressed. He was raking the sandy soil around the back of the camp. He was not enjoying his task. He was in khaki. The only sign that distinguished him from a soldier of the regular army was the red, white, and blue cord around the crown of his hat. The speaker was an older man—well bronzed, well set up. The cord on his hat showed that he was a "regular." Perhaps he was over-seeing the job. I judged so from what he had just said. The boy didn't answer, and the speaker went on, turning to me:

"I'll leave it to you, sir, if the straight way isn't the best way."

"I don't quite understand," I answered. "Do you mean the straight way of holding the rake?"

"No," he replied. "I mean the straight way is the best way in everything."

It was not till afterwards, when I had followed the routine of the camp for two days, that I realized how aptly those words summed up the lesson that that boy and about twelve hundred others, varying from fifteen to eighteen years of age, were learning. These boys (or perhaps they had rather be called young men, for some of them were over six feet tall, and they were a manly-looking lot in the American fatigue uniform) had come to this island from over a score of States; and they were living there and drilling and studying under the control and direction of the United States Army.

It is a hard lesson that they were learning; for the straight way is not only the best way, but is also always a hard way. The easiest way is the way of least resistance, and is therefore crooked or sinuous. The straight way, on the other hand, is one that encounters obstacles—inconvenience, discomfort, bad weather. If it is in parade, it takes no account of tired muscles; if it is in skirmishing, it takes no account of bushes, or rocks, or casual water. It means self-control. It means telling the truth when it hurts. It means administering discipline as sternly to a friend as to a stranger. It means co-operation; because the company's line can

be kept straight, the company's record can be kept straight, only when each one in the company is acting jointly with all his comrades. It means being clean in body and mind. It means obedience and loyalty, because it is often only those in command who know which way is the straight way. It means bravery, for the straight way leads sometimes to danger. It means efficiency, for it avoids the wasteful ways around. It means democracy, for you cannot go the straight way if you play favorites.

This, I am sure, is a part of what the straight way means to the boys who spent five weeks this summer in camp at Plum Island under military discipline.

All of Plum Island is a Government reservation; it is one of the Nation's coast defenses. The fortification there is known as Fort Terry. It helps to guard the entrance to Long Island Sound from the east. As you land there from the boat, which will stop on signal, you see that the dock is guarded by a sentry with a rifle on his shoulder. Visitors come and go only with the knowledge and consent of the military. Plum Island is about four miles from end to end, and varies greatly in width, from a few score yards (at the neck, which connects the easterly and smaller portion with the other and much larger) to a mile or so. Scattered about where they will do the most good, some on the hilly portions, others along the shore, are the big guns of various sizes. The only dwellers on the island are the officers and men (and their families), whose business is that of the coast artillery. When the twelve hundred boys landed there on July 6, they were completely removed from the distractions of town, and in as safe and wholesome a place as it is possible to imagine.

Here I found them after they had been there a day or two more than a week; and already they showed the physical benefit of the life they had been leading; but what was still more impressive was the democracy of the camp. The uniform was the symbol of it. Millionaires' sons were there, but you could not distinguish them by their clothes; and, when you found that out, you found that you could not distinguish them at all.

And the first work those boys had been put to enforced the lesson of democracy. They were set to work making the camp ready for occupancy. Their tents had been

<sup>1</sup> An account of the origin of the Fort Terry Training Camp was given in *The Outlook* for May 3 (page 3), and an account of its opening was given in *The Outlook* for July 26 (pages 685 and 686).

pitched—and big, comfortable tents they were, with wooden floors and even electric lights; their mess halls built—weather-proof shacks with deal benches and clean deal tables; their bath-houses constructed—shacks fitted with shower-baths and faucets where they could keep themselves and their clothes clean; but their camp was not ready—they had to make it ready themselves. Some of them, for instance, were set to digging incinerators—ditches or holes in which the garbage was to be burned. There was the wiping of dishes to be done after the first meal, and boys were detailed to do that. Then the camp was to be cleaned up. This meant working with shovels and picks and rakes; for the company street (the space between the two rows of tents occupied by each company of a hundred and fifty boys) had to be cleared of grass and weeds and stones, and had to be graded as well.

Within nine days, as I can testify, the camp that those twelve hundred boys, from all sorts of places, rich and poor, city boys and farmers' sons, had made and kept in order themselves was a model of sanitation and cleanliness. I doubt whether any one of them had ever lived under such hygienic and orderly conditions. I doubt whether the house of any of my civilian readers could survive the inspection that that camp had to undergo.

Some of these boys, I learned, had had a little military drill; but all that was expected of them at the beginning was to understand the three orders: "Right face," "Left face," and "Forward, march!" Even these simple orders were too much for some of them. In a week's time those twelve hundred boys had learned the manual of arms and had been put through the ceremony of parade.

It took these boys five days to "spring to arms." They arrived on the 6th of July, and, though their rifles were there all ready for them, they were not issued to them till the 11th. Even then these boys were not given straps (or "slings," as they are called) for their guns; nor were they after five weeks considered sufficiently trained to be allowed to have bayonets.

Four days after receiving their arms these boys had been taught what a clean gun meant. One of them wrote home: "Every screw head must be absolutely clean. The insides must be as clean as the outside"—a lesson good for other things than guns. Then they received the slings for the "pieces."

At first military discipline was lenient.

That does not mean that order was not maintained. On the contrary, order was the camp's first law. It meant simply that the officers were wisely initiating their charges into the observance of military standards a step at a time. For the first two weeks punishments consisted in assignments to duty in camp or kitchen police, which involved work in cleaning up the camp or helping about the mess hall. Now it became customary to see one or more cadets of the camp walking up and down the company street with cartridge belt around the waist and rifle on shoulder. A "punishment tour" meant an hour of this—"no joke," as several cadets could bear witness. Though by this time discipline had "tightened up quite a lot," as one boy put it, the significant thing was the feeling expressed by that same boy when he added, "I think that the discipline could tighten up still further." These boys were beginning to realize that the enforcement of discipline was to their common interest. To talk after taps was to shorten the none too long hours of sleep. Raising a hand in the ranks, or failure to have one's tent in order, or to have the buttons on one's blouse properly fastened at inspection, or to be on time when the bugle sounded "assembly," or to respond with a snap and with vigor to orders, was to throw the company out of gear and to lessen its standing in comparison with the other companies—and, worse still, was to bring reproach upon the company's officers. One cadet's remark that all the officers of his company were "good skates" expressed very colloquially the spirit of loyalty that was getting behind and pushing along the willing and even eager acceptance of strict military discipline. Pride in one's officers and pride in one's company were becoming ingredients in a new sort of self-respect.

And, with that self-respect as a basis, the boys were ready for their lesson in courage. Perhaps this lesson can best be described by quotation from a letter I have been permitted to see. It was written by one of the cadets after his first experience in guard duty. To understand it, it is perhaps necessary to know that these boy sentries were sternly tested by their officers. The West Point men who had sacrificed their vacation (or furlough, as the soldier calls it) to volunteer their services in helping to train these boys were especially ingenious in testing the boys' nerves. They would try to grapple with a sentry and seize his gun. The boy who en-

counters such an attack in the dark has to have his nerve as well as his wits with him.

"I am in the third squad," wrote this lad, "which is posted from 9 until 10 P.M., and all persons must be challenged from 9:30 on. There is one thing that one must be careful about on guard duty—not to let any one get near enough to take away your gun; poke him in the ribs, if necessary. At nine I went in. My post was at one end of the camp, along Company X's tents. All went well until after 9:30. Suddenly I saw a figure approaching.

"Halt! Who is there?"

"Officer of the day."

"Advance, officer of the day, to be recognized."

"He approached, and when about ten feet off I said, 'Halt!'"

"He kept on coming."

"Halt!"

"Still he advanced, and I thought of my gun, so I lowered my muzzle and pointed it at his stomach, which by this time was about two inches away. Then he halted. It was Lieutenant —, the officer of the day, so I let him pass while I presented arms."

Before the third week was up the boys had drill in extended order. Over that rolling, sandy country, through high grass and bushes, a company was sent as an advance guard to discover nine men concealed in the vegetation. They had to walk several miles with rifles in hand. They discovered seven of the nine; but, as one of the boys very truly remarked afterwards, the two left undiscovered were enough to blow up the camp. It is a good lesson to learn that seven does not equal nine; that something less than perfection may at times be fatally defective.

Meantime these boys had been having before them as models the regular soldiers of the post—and models they were in the matters which these boys were told to observe. Twelve hundred boys were learning something of the men of their own country's army, and what they learned gave them a respect they had never had before for those uniformed guards of the Nation's security.

The camp was thus in full swing when, just after the close of the third week, I had the privilege of visiting it for the second time and following the camp routine for two days. I decided to devote my observations to one company, which I shall call Company Z. It was situated with others on a low plateau from which one could look northward across

the Sound to the low-lying shore of Connecticut. Behind the camp, on the bluff from which the drainage led to the Sound, were the outhouses or "sinks"—including the rough but adequate lavatories, with faucets and shower-baths.

When I arrived (about half-past eight in the morning), the boys had gone for drill, so I stopped at the headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association to pay my respects to the men in charge. The service they were rendering to the camp was indispensable. Acting under the military direction that has full sway in that island fortress, and receiving the co-operation of the officers in command, these men of the Association, a few of them employed officers, the rest volunteers, had taken upon themselves duties that the parent of every boy at that camp should be glad to know were discharged by men of character. At each unit (for the camp was really composed of two camps or "units" separated by a mile and a half) a group of Association men kept in close contact with the boys, two volunteers being assigned to each company and messing with it. It was at the Young Men's Christian Association headquarters at each camp that the boys found their social center. It was there they had their voluntary religious meetings, there they gathered for "movies" in the evening, there they mostly wrote their letters, there one could find them eating ice-cream purchased at the post exchange or listening to phonograph records. It was the Association that published a camp periodical, the "Rangefinder," with original contributions from boys as well as officers. And when a boy failed to write home and appeals came in frantic telegrams from the worried parents as to his health, it was the Young Men's Christian Association secretary who hunted the boy up, escorted him to a table, and stood over him till he had done his duty. And it is worth noting that of the 1,173 boys who left the camp on August 10 about a thousand had signed the following: "I hereby declare that as long as I am at Camp Washington I will seek to create, maintain, and extend high standards of Christian character." The Association meetings were not the only services held there, for there were church services for both Protestants and Roman Catholics, but the Association was the organic center of both religious and social activities, and it performed its function well.

As I finished my visit at the Association's



POLICING ONE COMPANY STREET

After nearly an hour's work, the cadets of this company are putting the finishing touches to the preparation for the inspection of the camp. The cadet in the foreground is picking up some little scrap or straw. It is interesting to note the straightness of the line of tent pegs. This company stood first in three successive weekly inspections



ANOTHER COMPANY STREET DURING INSPECTION

While the cadets stand at attention, the inspecting officer and the officers accompanying him examine the whole company street, every tent, and every cadet. No allowance is made for any defect, even to a pair of shoes slightly misplaced. The group of officers seen in the distance have gone up one side of the street and are starting down the other

CAMP INSPECTION AS HELD ONCE A WEEK



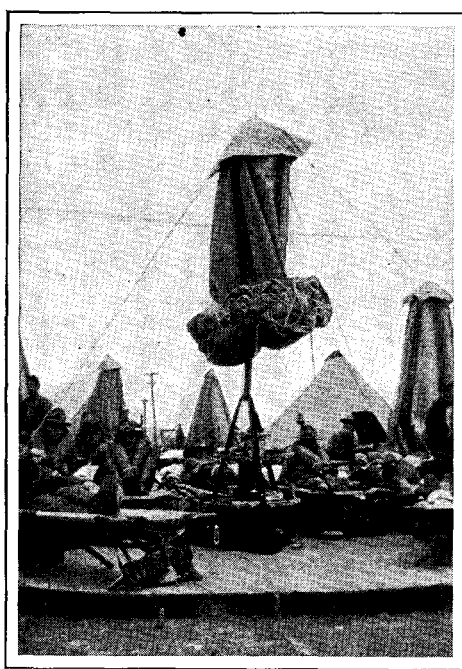
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#### MUSHROOMING THE TENTS

Ordinarily the tents are as seen on the opposite page; but to let in the sunlight after days of rain and fog the order was given to "mushroom the tents." The operation in four stages is pictured here. First, four ropes holding the hood at the top are fastened taut, to hold the center pole up, and then all the guy ropes are removed from the pegs. Second, the sides of the tent are gathered to the middle. Third, the sides are rolled up and tied. Fourth, the work of mushrooming the tent is finished, and the cadets are at ease on their cots in the sun

headquarters, the cadets of Company Z returned from the practice which their officers had put them through. They had been taught for the first time to roll their packs—each cadet having half of a shelter tent, with the necessary tent pegs and poles, a blanket, and a poncho rolled up and slung over his shoulder. After a short interval they were assembled and marched a mile or more to the parade ground, where they were put through their shelter-tent (or “dog-tent”) practice. They were shown how to pitch their tents so that the lines would be straight, and how to fold their blankets inside. Each tent accommodates two men—the cadet in the rear rank combining his half with the half carried by the cadet in front of him. Then they marched back to mess; and a good dinner it was, of flounders and potatoes and peas and bread pudding, and so-called lemonade (water in which a little lemon juice and sugar had been mixed—very refreshing after the drill). Immediately after mess the company was marched to the mortar battery, where on the concrete floor they were “sized”—that is, rearranged in platoons according to height. Then came the period of instruction. Some went off with a non-commissioned officer of the regular army to study map-making, others to study gas engines, etc., while the rest were sent to the range for rifle practice with small-caliber rifles—that is, rifles of the regular size and weight, but fitted with small (.22) caliber barrels. (Some, later, could go swimming under strict supervision and guarded by patrols in boats.) After the strenuous morning it was pleasant to lie about in the tall grass and watch the shooting. Unfortunately, Uncle Sam is parsimonious, and the target practice suffered for shortness of supply in paper targets, as instruction in other branches has suffered for lack of equipment. By half-past four all were back in camp. As I walked back from the range, I noted the police details at work improving or maintaining the camp. Some of the cadets in these details were at work to expiate offenses, the rest assigned to the details in alphabetical order so that the number requisite for the work might be supplied.

At a quarter to five came sick call, the summons by the bugler for all those “sick, lame, or lazy” (as a regular put it) to be reported for the doctor’s attention. Then at half-past five assembly sounded for mess, the cadets coming to attention before their tents and marching to the mess hall.

That evening it was the turn of this unit

to parade; so at six o’clock they were called to attention and marched again to the parade ground. The military ceremony of parade is impressive; but to see those boys—three weeks after their first military training—seven hundred and fifty of them, responding in unison to the commands of the manual of arms, then coming to parade rest as the band played, the retreat was sounded on the bugle, the sunset gun fired, and the flag lowered, while the “Star-Spangled Banner” was played, then to see them pass in review before the reviewing officer, keeping their lines as straight as they could, was doubly impressive. That such approach to perfection was possible with three weeks’ training surpassed belief. I am not quite used to believing it yet, though I saw it.

And on the way back to camp those boys, after a strenuous day and a tiring parade, shouted and sang and cheered; and each company vied with the other to reach camp first. And yet even on route step, and with all this outburst of youth and vigor, the squads were kept forty inches apart. There were things not to be forgotten even at times of relaxation. The straight way is the best way always.

At half-past nine lights were out. To one who has never lain in a cot in a military tent at night, with one’s tent-mates ready for sleep, and heard through the darkness the bugle playing the solemn and quieting call of “taps,” I recommend the experience. Those boys who at Plum Island had this experience nightly are to be envied.

Morning came quickly, and with it the first call, reveille, assembly, ten minutes of calisthenics (which on this cool morning consisted of a brisk run in column of squads for half a mile or more) to get the blood stirring, then mess, and the work of the day began. This day being Saturday, the first work was policing the companies’ streets in preparation for inspection. Every shoe, every barrack bag, every cot, every rifle, every canteen, every cartridge belt, had to be in place in tent, every spot from the tent floor erased, every stick, scrap of paper, pebble, and straw had to be removed from the company street, and the cadets’ shirts buttoned properly, hair cut, finger-nails cleaned—in fact, the whole street and its occupants had to be spotless and in perfect order. This day the only blemish on that company was a bit of chewing-gum paper negligently dropped by some cadet; and because of that one blemish the comment of one of the inspecting officers as he passed within my hearing was only “Fair.”



PITCHING SHELTER TENTS

Two or three squads are here shown practicing the pitching of their shelter tents. This is the first attempt, as can be seen by the irregularity of the line and by the fact that the cadets in the foreground are waiting to get further instruction. Shelter tents are used in campaign marching



STRIKING SHELTER TENTS

The battalion has had shelter-tent practice; inspection has just taken place; and a few seconds before the picture was taken, when every cadet was standing at attention, the order was given, "Battalion strike tents," and already every tent is down and the cadets are beginning to roll the pack

#### SHELTER-TENT PRACTICE

Then came shelter-tent practice for the battalion. The night before the officers in command had erected on the company street a model shelter tent. The cadets were not expected to ask questions. All their questions were already answered by that model. The day before lines had not been straight at the company practice. "They'll be straight to-day," the officer in command of that company told me this morning—and they were. The boys had learned that when they were shown a thing once that was enough. And when those boys carried their packs they learned—in their own comfort or discomfort—why they had been ordered to fold and roll their blankets and ponchos just so and lay their tent pegs and poles in just such a position on them. They were expected to obey first and learn the reason afterwards, and in three weeks they had found out that that, too, is part of the straight way and the best way. And two or three fathers who walked along with the company back to the camp, and heard the officer ask the boys sharply if they didn't know what forty inches were yet, agreed that it was the best way too.

There were to be nearly two weeks more of such training when I left. What that training meant I am going to let one of the cadets tell for himself. I take his words from letters he wrote to a friend of mine, who gives me permission to print them here:

If ever I was for compulsory military training, I am twice as much for it now. I think it is splendid for mind and body.

Now that we are on the last week, it is interesting to look back. Our first parade was, I think, without guns or equipment. Our lines must have been terribly crooked, our officers bawled out loud and long. To-night we paraded with regular army guns and cartridge belts. Our officers stood in a line back of the commanding officer. We kept the lines straight ourselves, and I think they were pretty straight.

When we started, kicks and grumbles arose at every march to the parade grounds, and yet we walked along without anything to carry. To-day we walked twice to the parade ground with equipment. The other day with packs we trudged along and no words of complaint did I hear. Yes, we have changed.

I think personally I have acquired certain things which I am terribly glad to have. I have found obedience easy, which is a compliment to those who have brought me up. I have a much greater feeling for the flag and my country than ever before. I always feel a sort of thrill at retreat every night, when every man

and officer of the regiment stand up like soldiers and do honor to their flag.

I know I have a finer sense of neatness and orderliness than before. When it comes to picking up straws and pebbles off the street, folding your blankets, etc., just the same way every day and keeping your body clean, why, it's second nature to be neat in all things.

I have more respect for myself than before, simply because I feel that I am beginning to do my part in a duty which should draw us all together. I am taking my place in line with others in preparation for defense of our country, and as I respect my officers, so that respect goes out also to those who are with me in that respect for country and those people in authority.

Another thing—perhaps not so important, but still something—I have gained in appreciation for friends and school, and, more than that, for those at home. Perhaps it may seem strange to you that I should get that feeling now, but I can only maintain that, if I loved my home before, I love it twice as much now. As for friends, I don't know what I should have done without school friends and the Young Men's Christian Association men who gave themselves up to our service.

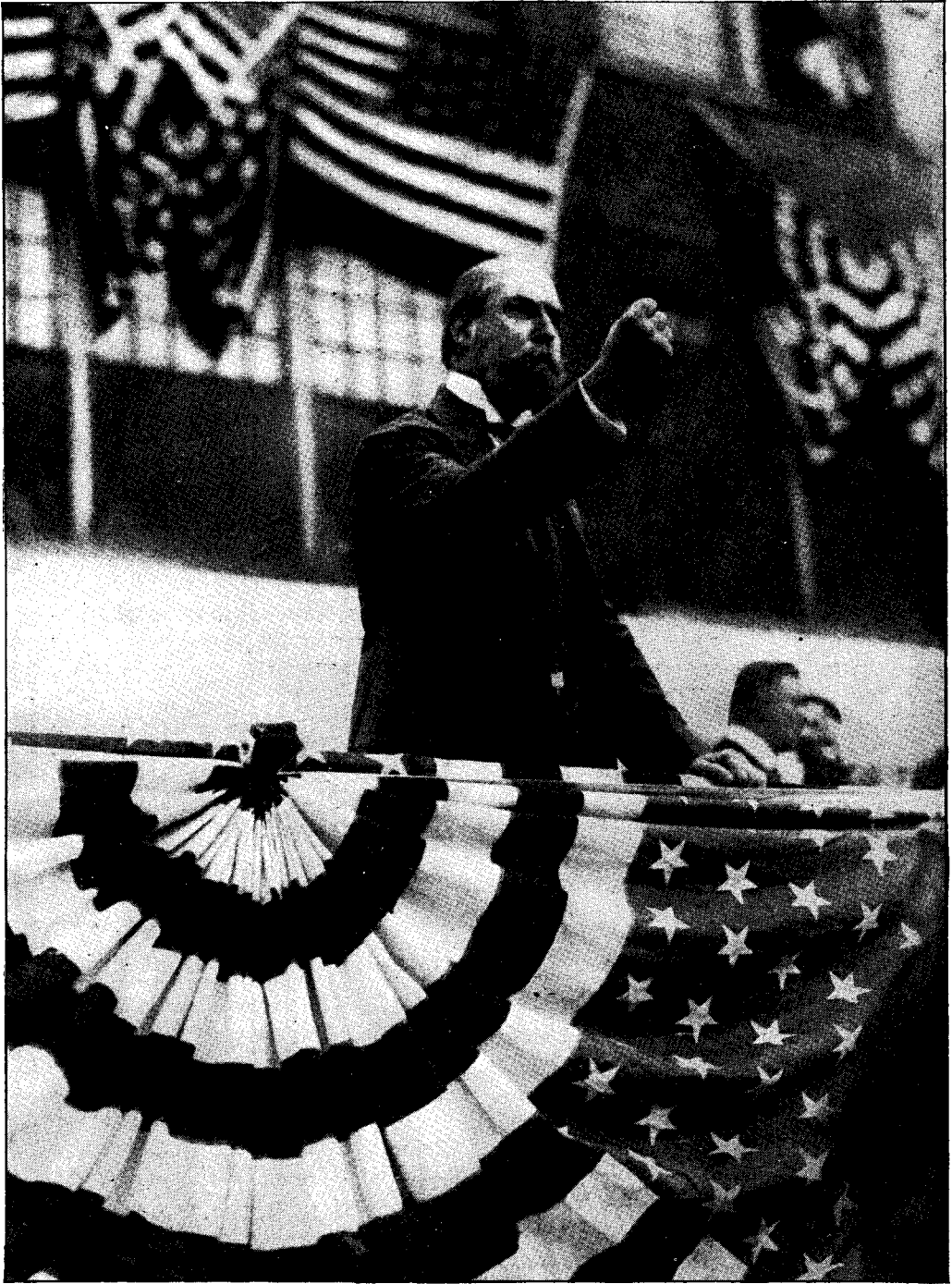
Naturally I have benefited physically and mentally; but I think those benefits are minor compared with those I have mentioned above.

To keep such education for a few is to deny the fundamentals of democracy. The benefit of Camp Washington at Plum Island is of course directly received by the boys who went there, their families, and the schools to which they return; but its value is much greater than that. What has made it, above all, worth all that it has cost to those who have given time and thought and money for its success is the fact that it is an object lesson in behalf of universal military training. What the boys of Plum Island have received ought to be the inheritance of every boy in America.

And what these boys have received this country needs. Chief among the faults of the American people are lawlessness (witness, for example, our homicide rate), love of ease, and willingness to avoid trouble at the cost of duty. Chief among the virtues inculcated at Plum Island are the opposites of these faults—prompt observance of law; acceptance without complaint, and even with enjoyment, of hardship and simple living; and willingness in the course of duty to face danger and act the man in its presence. Universal military training would develop these qualities in the boys of the Nation, and therefore in time in the Nation itself.

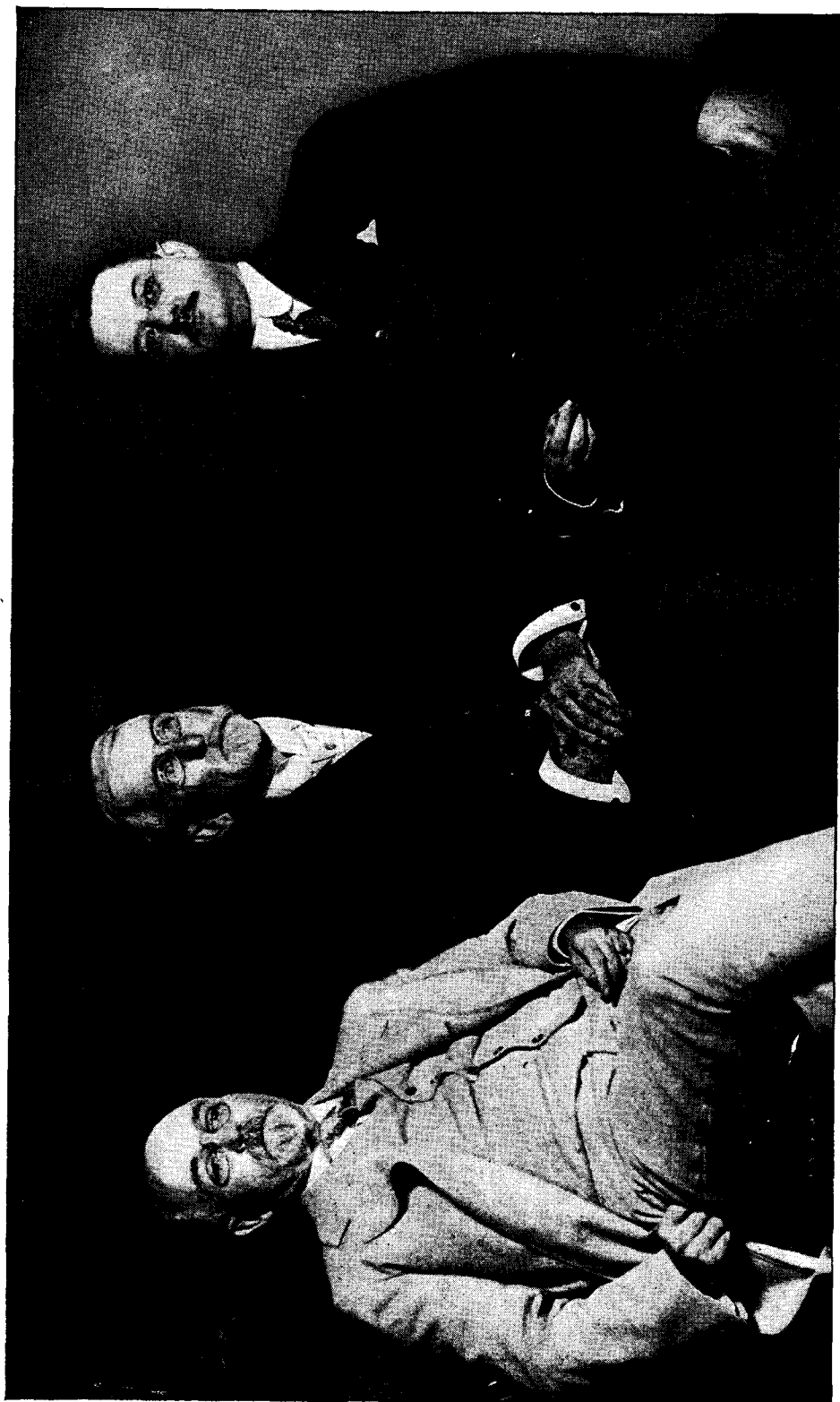
ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

# Current Events Pictorially Treated



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MR. HUGHES OPENING HIS CAMPAIGN AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN



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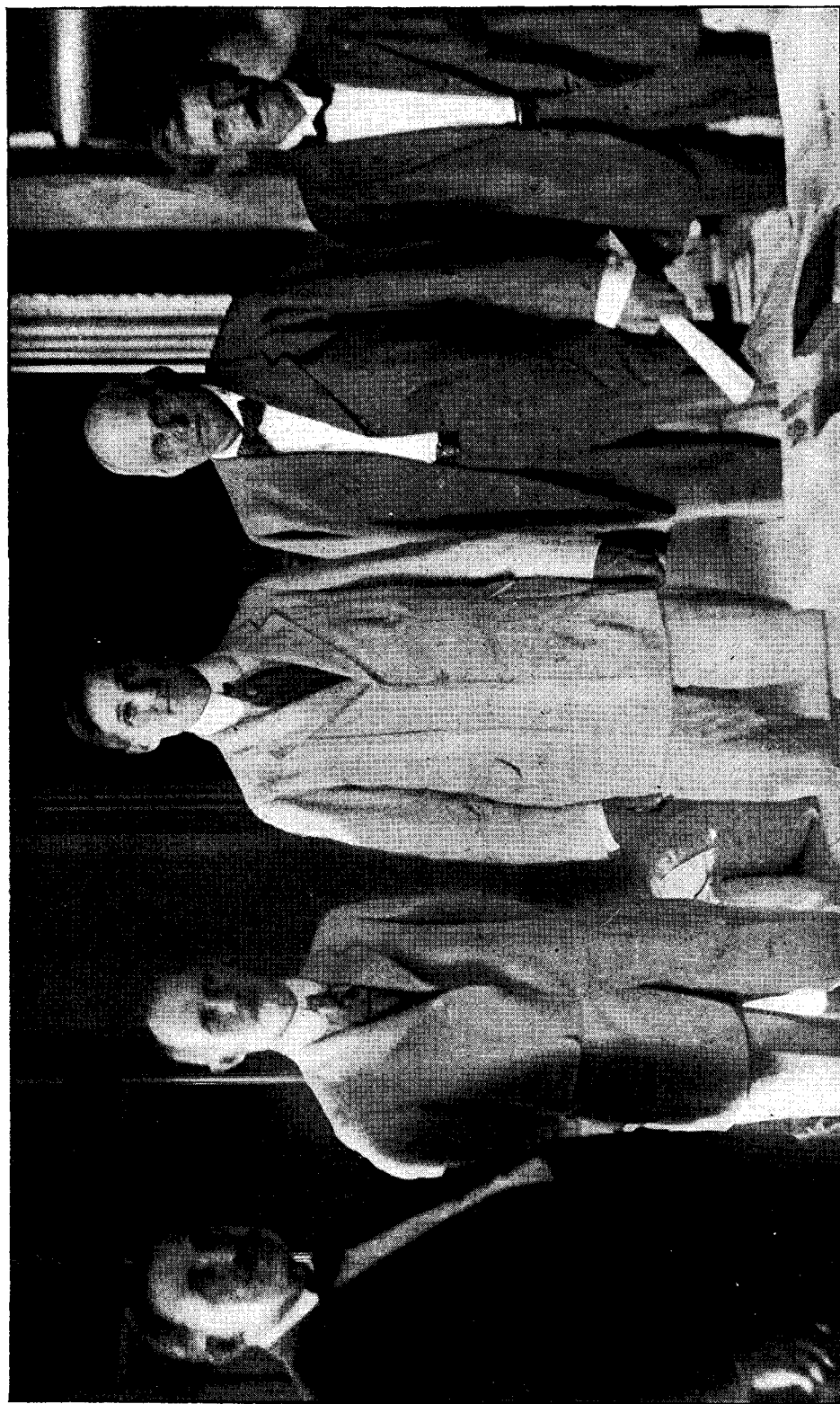
MARTIN A. KNAPP

W. L. CHAMBERS

G. W. HANGAR

### THE FEDERAL BOARD OF MEDIATION AND CONCILIATION

The Federal Board of Mediation and Conciliation endeavored to persuade the railway managers and the brotherhoods of railway employees to adjust their differences and avoid the calamity of a general strike on the part of the railway men. Their efforts were followed by the submission of the dispute to President Wilson. See editorial comment



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRIS & EWING  
C. E. LOBDELL  
of Kansas

GEORGE W. NORRIS  
of Pennsylvania

W. G. MCADOO  
Secretary of the Treasury

HERBERT QUICK  
of West Virginia

W. S. A. SMITH  
of Iowa

### THE NATIONAL FARM LOAN BOARD

This Board has been appointed by the President to carry out the provisions of the Federal Farm Loan Act. See the articles by Mr. Clarence Ousley and Mr. Paul V. Collins in the issues of *The Outlook* for June 28 and August 2 last



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# AUSTRIAN PRISONERS CAPTURED BY THE RUSSIANS IN THEIR GREAT NEW OFFENSIVE

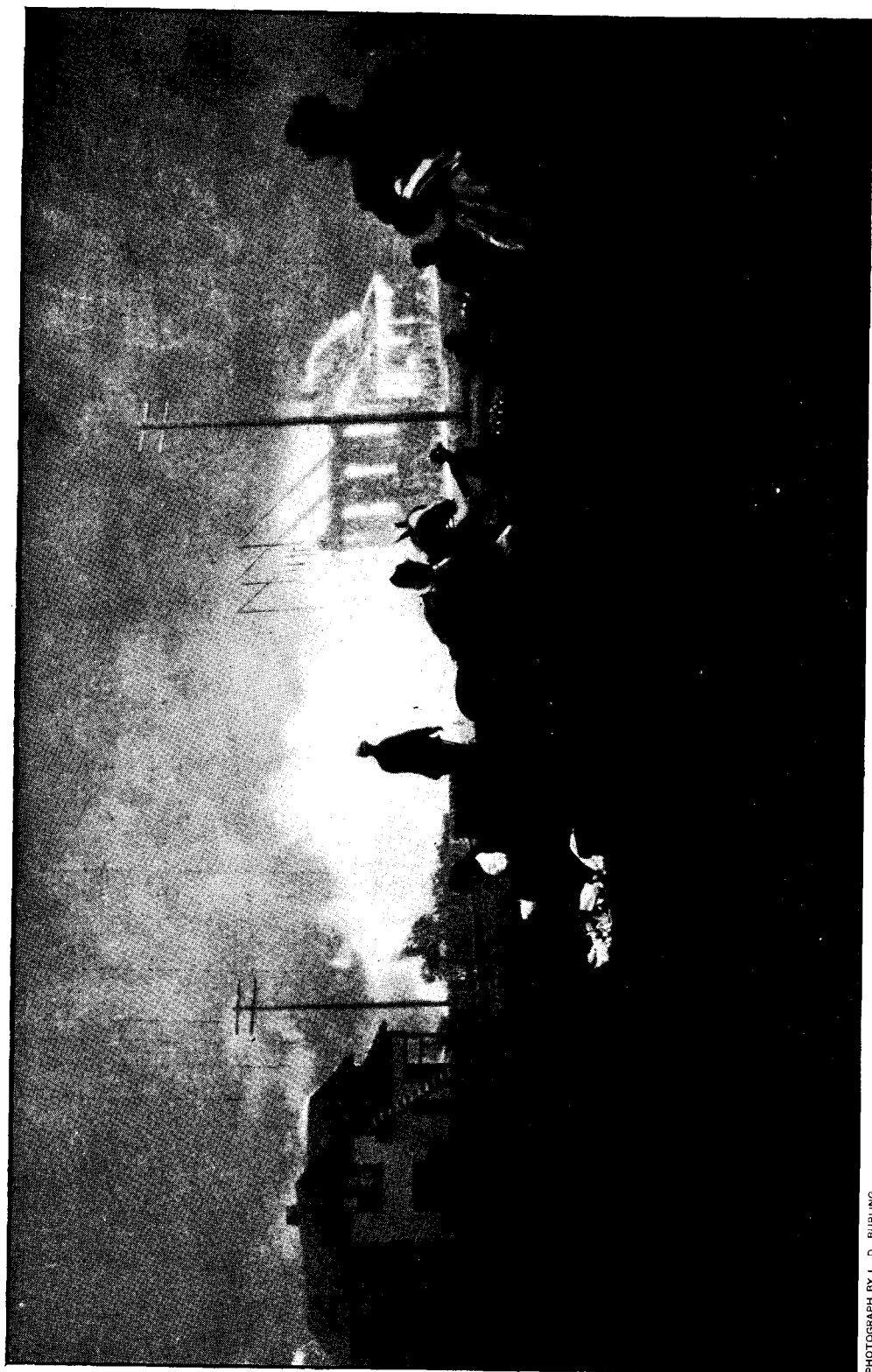
The tide of war has turned, and it is now the Russians who are taking vast numbers of prisoners. This picture, which has recently come from the front, shows but one of many similar scenes that have lately been witnessed in the disputed territory



PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

#### A FRENCH ARTIST AT THE FRONT

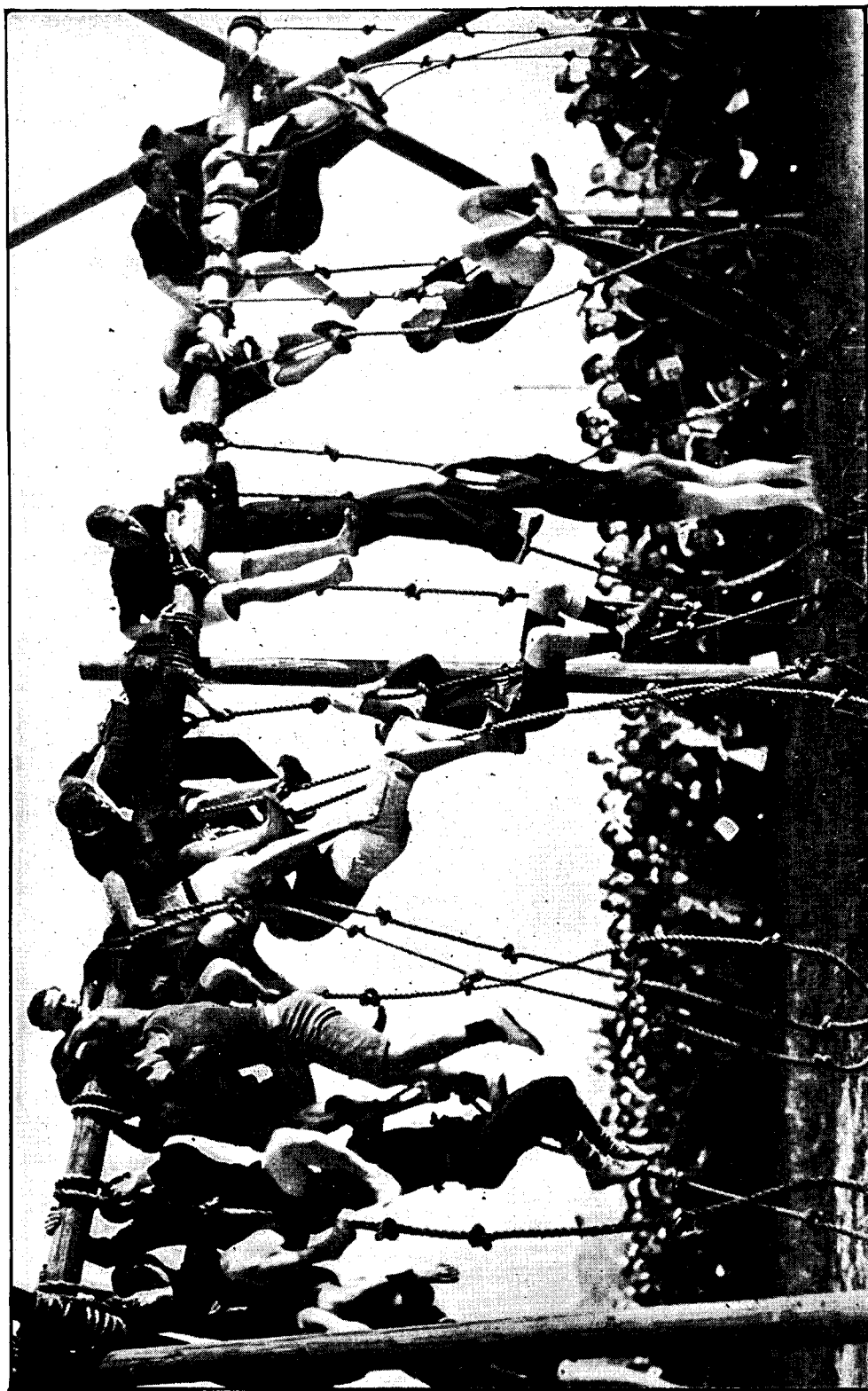
The artist who is seen making sketches is M. Lobel-Riche, who is one of the men who have been commissioned by the French Government to make pictorial records which may be used as a permanent memorial of the great war. Even in the midst of her stupendous struggle France cannot forget her interest in art



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. D. BURLING

# A THRILLING PICTURE OF THE FOREST FIRES IN CANADA

The picture was "taken by frelight, and realistically portrays the tragedy which has befallen many of Canada's homes. See The Outlook of August 9 for editorial comment



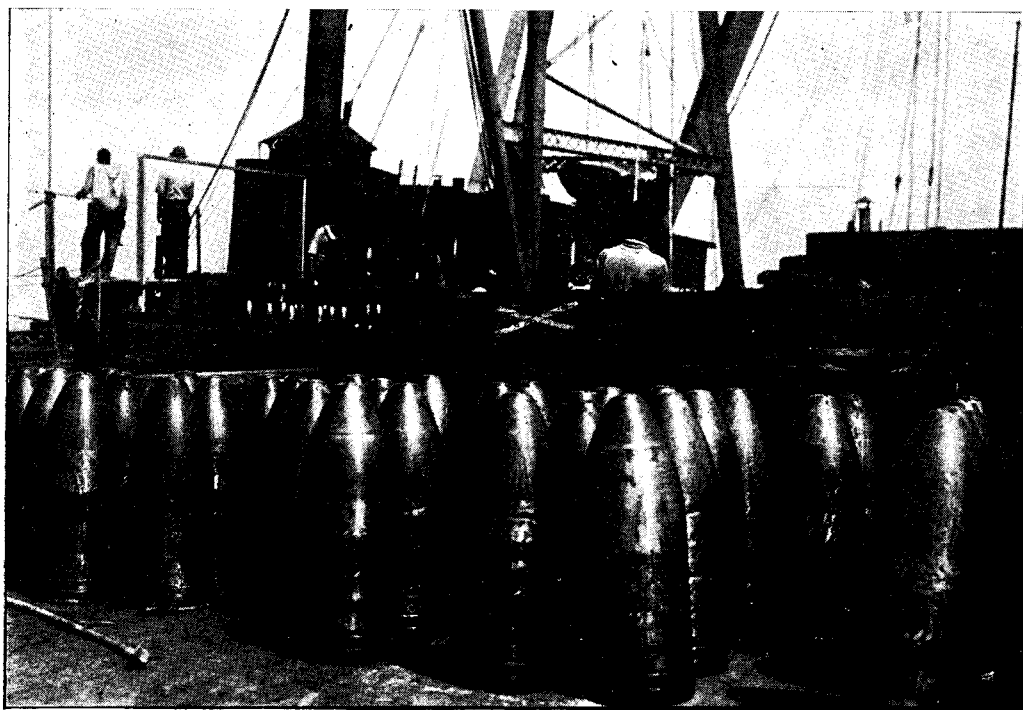
PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

### SPORTS OF THE AUSTRALIAN NAVAL RESERVES

The photograph shows a striking exhibition seen at the annual meeting of the Australian Naval Reserve at Sydney, New South Wales. In the obstacle race pictured the agility of the young sailors in feats of climbing augurs well for their usefulness when confronted with the exigencies of their profession



A DIVER PREPARING TO DESCEND TO BRING UP THE UNEXPLODED SHELLS



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BAIN NEWS SERVICE

SOME OF THE SHELLS RECOVERED FROM THE DEPTHS

### RECOVERING SHELLS FROM NEW YORK HARBOR AFTER THE "BLACK TOM" EXPLOSION

Large numbers of the shells that were sent to the bottom of the bay after the recent terrific explosion in New York Harbor have been recovered. They will be returned to the munitions works to be recharged, their temporary submersion having merely injured the powder inclosed in them, without lessening their value otherwise

# A GREAT ENGLISH MUSICIAN<sup>1</sup>

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

“ENGLISH music, no music,” said Schumann long ago; and Germany had seen little reason to revise the unfavorable verdict until, in 1899 and 1900, Edward Elgar produced two masterpieces, one in pure instrumental music, the “Enigma” Variations, the other a cantata, “The Dream of Gerontius.” German appreciation, the more coveted the longer withheld, was cordial enough when it came. The Variations, produced in November, 1901, in Berlin, under Weingartner, were pronounced by a leading critic to rank with Brahms’s Haydn Variations, “and even above them as regards the exploitation and handling of the orchestra.” “Gerontius,” heard in Düsseldorf only a month later, won its composer a laurel wreath, a *Tusch* from the orchestra, and the highest critical praise. The seal of German approval was thus placed on a reputation which had grown steadily but slowly. Born in 1857, Elgar reached general recognition in England only with “King Olaf” in 1896. In 1900 he was honored with the degree of Doctor of Music by the University of Cambridge for his achievement in “Gerontius,” even though the work perhaps puzzled as much as it edified the British public as a whole, bred on Handel and Mendelssohn. The prophet was helped in his own country by foreign praise, however, and in 1904 a knighthood for him was included among the King’s birthday honors. Since the production of his two fine symphonies in 1908 and 1911 Sir Edward Elgar has been recognized as one of the foremost living composers.

The contribution of German approval to this entirely merited fame is here emphasized because it directs our attention to an essential point about Elgar—a point in which he differs from many of his compatriots. Elgar is English in character, but cosmopolitan in sympathies, style, and workmanship. In other words, while retaining the personal and racial quality natural to all sincere art, he has been magnanimous, intelligent, and unconventional enough to break through the charmed circle of insularity which has kept so many English composers from vital contact with the world.

Such insularity cannot but be fatal to art. It is bad enough when it confines the artist to narrow native models. It is even worse when, ignoring native music of the finest quality, such as that of Purcell, it follows blindly, through timidity or inertia, traditions imported by foreigners of inferior grade. Generations of English musicians have stultified themselves in imitating Handel’s burly ponderousness and Mendelssohn’s somewhat vapid elegance. They have turned a deaf ear, not only to the greater contemporaries of these idols—to Bach and to Schumann—but also to the more modern thought of Wagner, Franck, Tchaikowsky, and Brahms. They have been correct and respectable in an art which lives only through intense personal emotion. They have narrowed their sympathies. They have been national in an age of dawning internationalism.

Elgar, on the contrary, together with a few others whose work deserves to be better known than it is, has had the courage to aspire to a cosmopolitan breadth of style. He has made up for the lack of what are called “educational advantages” by something far more valuable—an insatiable intellectual curiosity. Self-taught except for a few violin lessons in youth, he has been all his life a tireless listener, observer, and student. When he was a boy, having no text-books on musical form, he wrote a whole symphony in imitation of Mozart’s in G minor, “following the leader” with admirable and fruitful docility. As a youth he would play violin, at the last desk oftentimes, in any orchestra to which he could gain admission, for the sake of the experience; and between rehearsals would laboriously collate the instrumental parts to find out why a certain passage sounded well or ill. He would travel two hundred and fifty miles to London, from his home in Worcester, to hear a Crystal Palace Saturday concert, returning late at night. Knowing well that any potent individuality like his own grows by what it assimilates, he has had none of the small man’s fear of injuring by the study of others his “individuality.” The internal evidence of his works shows that there are few modern scores he has left unpondered; yet no living composer

<sup>1</sup>The author wishes to express his indebtedness to Mr. H. W. Gray, American representative of Novello, Ewer & Co., for the loan of the Elgar scores used in preparing this article.



SIR EDWARD ELGAR

has a more unmistakably personal style than his.

His intellectual activity has by no means confined itself to music. He has always been an omnivorous reader. And while much of this reading naturally proceeded in desultory fashion, for the sake of relaxation, and took him sometimes as far afield as Froissart, the fourteenth-century French chronicler, as suggested by his early overture of that name, he has never lost the power of concentration, and can study a book to as good purpose as a score. His analytic notes to his symphonic study "*Falstaff*" (1913) reveal a surprisingly detailed knowledge both of Shakespeare and of Shakespeare's commentators. Science also interests him, and for some years his hobby was scientific kite-flying. He is of the nervously irritable temperament so often coupled with mental alertness, walks about restlessly while conversing, and detests all routine work like teaching. "To teach the right pupil was a pleasure," he once said, "but teaching in general was to me like turning a grindstone with a dislocated shoulder." In 1889 he married, gave up most of his teaching, and moved to London. Since then he has lived partly among his native Malvern Hills, partly near London, but has devoted himself almost entirely to composing and conducting.

From Elgar's long list of choral works may be chosen for special mention "*The Black Knight*" (1893), "*King Olaf*" (1896), "*Caractacus*" (1899), "*The Dream of Gerontius*" (1900), and "*The Apostles*" (1903). His chief orchestral works are the "*Enigma*" Variations (1899), in which his genius for the orchestra was first convincingly shown; the overtures "*Cockaigne*" and "*In the South*;" the two symphonies; a concerto for violin, dedicated to Fritz Kreisler (1910); and "*Falstaff*" (1913), his single essay in programme music. The steady advance in depth and variety of expression, catholicity of taste, and flexibility of style made by him during the period of his most active production is almost as striking as the growth of Wagner from "*Rienzi*" to "*Tristan*," or of Verdi from "*Trovatore*" to "*Otello*." The Elgar of to-day retains nothing of British insularity; he speaks the language of music, not with an English accent, but as a citizen of the world; he is the peer of Strauss in Germany, of d'Indy in France, of Rachmaninoff in Russia, in the work of all of whom nationality is less felt than humanity.

This does not in the least mean that Elgar has ceased to be English. His greatness, indeed, is precisely that he has given England a voice in the world of music. His is an essentially English nature. He has the plainness, the seriousness, the manly strength, even something of the inflexibility, the angularity, of his people. He is fond of marking his themes "*nobilmente*;" and they, even if their nobility is sometimes of a type that reminds us of "muscular Christianity" in its aggressive good health, nevertheless usually live up to the direction. They are melodies of firm pace, of sturdy self-respect, expressing a vigorous, practical good will. They suggest nothing of the pathological hypersensibility, the sensuous preoccupations and itch after sensationalism, of so much of the contemporary Continental music. The almost childlike chastity, so often misunderstood, of the best English natures is reflected in them. On the next page, for example (Figure I), is a typical Elgar melody, the main theme of the first symphony.

The spiritual aspiration expressed in this beautiful melody, the quiet dignity of its deliberate tread and of the reserved way in which it unfolds its successive aspects, rising gradually to the emotional height of the fourteenth measure and as slowly subsiding, the poignant feeling of the fragments of counter-melody added by the horns, the wistfulness of the soft echo of the opening at the end—all this will be felt by every sympathetic listener.

What only study will reveal is the subtlety with which Elgar has managed to be simple without being common. There is not an "accidental" sharp or flat in the whole—that is to say, it is built on the old diatonic scale of eight notes of such solid tunes as Handel's "*Largo*;" yet there is none of the stodgy heaviness of Handel's harmony and the over-obvious balance of his rhythm. Elgar, it may be confessed, is not always so successful in the matter of rhythm as here—a certain monotony and singsong reiteration of phrase is the single weakness of his school that he has not always escaped; but here his notes group with as much spontaneous variety as Shelley's syllables. And the harmony is equally fine. There is just enough dissonance to keep things moving, without any of the conventional suspensions of the English academic choral style with which Elgar himself began, as may be seen in "*The Black Knight*." The restless bass, peculiarly Elgar-

FIGURE I.

Theme of Symphony No. I.  
*Andante. Nobilmente e semplice.*  
 (Violas, Clarinets, etc.)

ELGAR.

The musical score is written for Viola, Clarinet, and Horn. It consists of five systems of staves. The first system shows the Viola and Clarinet parts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system introduces the Horn part with a *ppp* dynamic. The third system shows the Horn part with a *mf* dynamic. The fourth system shows the Viola and Clarinet parts with a *pp* dynamic. The fifth system shows the Viola and Clarinet parts with a *pp* dynamic. The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major, and features a variety of musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

ian, changing as fast as, or even faster than, the melody, gives the tension demanded by modern feeling.

Sensibility thus supplements will in Elgar; the thoroughly English solidity of his character does not preclude an awareness of the subtler parts of emotional life—of passion, aspiration, doubt, despair, and religious consolation—not always found in Anglo-Saxons; and, indeed, it is precisely to this unusual combination that he owes his place as not only an English but a representative modern composer. Now, translated into musical terms, this is equivalent to saying that he has mastered, not only the vigorous style, with its diatonic harmony and square-cut rhythm, which with all their differences is common to Purcell, Handel, and Mendelssohn, but that

he also commands the more poignant eloquence of that other style, associated most of all with Wagner, in which the harmonies shift and grope along the "chromatic" scale of semitones and the rhythms coalesce into a fluid stream. That is the idiom of mental and spiritual as well as of physical yearning; and no composer who cannot use it can hope to voice the ever-unsatisfied longings of our generation. It is an idiom that may be seen in Elgar's works growing up alongside the older one, and progressively asserting itself.

In "The Dream of Gerontius" it is used with masterly power in phrases of a passionate eloquence that must have startled and shocked the audiences accustomed to drowse through the traditional oratorio. Here, for example (Figure II), is the agonized cry of Gerontius

# FIGURE II.

From "The Dream of Gerontius."

ELGAR.

Gerontius :

*ff* Mi - - se - re - - re, Ju - dex me - - - us,

Par - ce mi - - hi, Do - - - mi - ne. etc.

Orchestra.

*fff* etc.

for mercy, and the magnificent passage with which the orchestra supplements and explicates it.

These interlacing, groping harmonies, quivering with feeling, take us at once into a different world from that of Mendelssohn and Handel. It is the world of Wagner. We could hardly give the passage higher praise than to say that, while it recalls Amfortas's

appeal to the Saviour in "Parsifal," it is no servile imitation of it, and will bear comparison with it on the score of sincerity, directness, and power.

At the other end of the scale of passion, but not less moving, is the music suggesting the mortal weariness of the dying Gerontius : "So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray."

# FIGURE III.

From "The Dream of Gerontius."

ELGAR.

*pp*

*pppp*

etc.

Here the music-lover will feel the imaginative justice and the musical beauty of Elgar's interpretation, while the student of harmony will not fail to note the masterly use of Wagner's method of free transition from key to key, perhaps his greatest contribution to musical expression.

The reader may also be struck by the characteristic difference between Elgar's treatment here and that of the same subject—the languor of approaching death—in Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung." It is not accidental, but highly significant of the opposed attitudes of the two artists, that while Strauss emphasizes the external picture—the panting breath, the choking cries—Elgar penetrates to the inward emotional state. Elgar has written surprisingly little programme music. Aside from a few realistic touches scattered through the choral works, and the delicate little vignette of the friend at sea in the "Enigma" Variations, there is only "Falstaff"—and that deals more with character than with picture. In this respect Elgar deserves well of his contemporaries for standing against a popular but dangerous tendency to externalize the most inward of the arts (what

painter, or even poet, has quite the *Innigkeit* of Schumann?), and for showing that even in the twentieth century the spiritual drama set forth in a work of pure music, like his first symphony, can be as thrilling as those that have made immortal Beethoven's later quartettes and sonatas.

This symphony, which has been called "Brahms's Fifth," just as Brahms's first was called "Beethoven's Tenth," is worthy of the descent thus suggested for it. It is a musical epic of nothing in the outside world, but of the deepest tragedy and triumph that can go on in a man's soul: the struggle to attain, in the turmoil of the actual world, ideal ends; the bitterly learned lesson of human finitude; and the final attainment of peace through stoic resignation and the spiritualization of ideals. This is the burden of all the greatest philosophers from Marcus Aurelius to Bertrand Russell. It is the element of vitality that gives Beethoven's music its eternal youth. We have reason for the deepest satisfaction that so eloquent, so thoroughly modern, a version of the old yet ever new story should have been made by a musician of our own day.

## A MARVEL OF CONSTRUCTION

BY B. C. FORBES

THE art of war in Europe has taught the United States new lessons in the art of peace.

This is the steel age—the age of steel battle-ships and steel sky-scrapers, steel shells and steel rails, steel submarines and steel automobiles. Mammoth machine shops, munition factories, and other "war material" plants have been brought into being as if by the waving of a fairy's wand. Row upon row of workmen's dwellings have sprung out of the ground at industrial centers.

Here is one marvel: A full-sized blast-furnace has been built within the space of eighty-five days, against a previous record of fully six months.

This meant that in less than three months from the time the first shovelful of earth was dug there was planned, assembled, directed, and set going a monster apparatus for turning iron ore into pig iron at the rate of 500 tons per day, worth \$10,000.

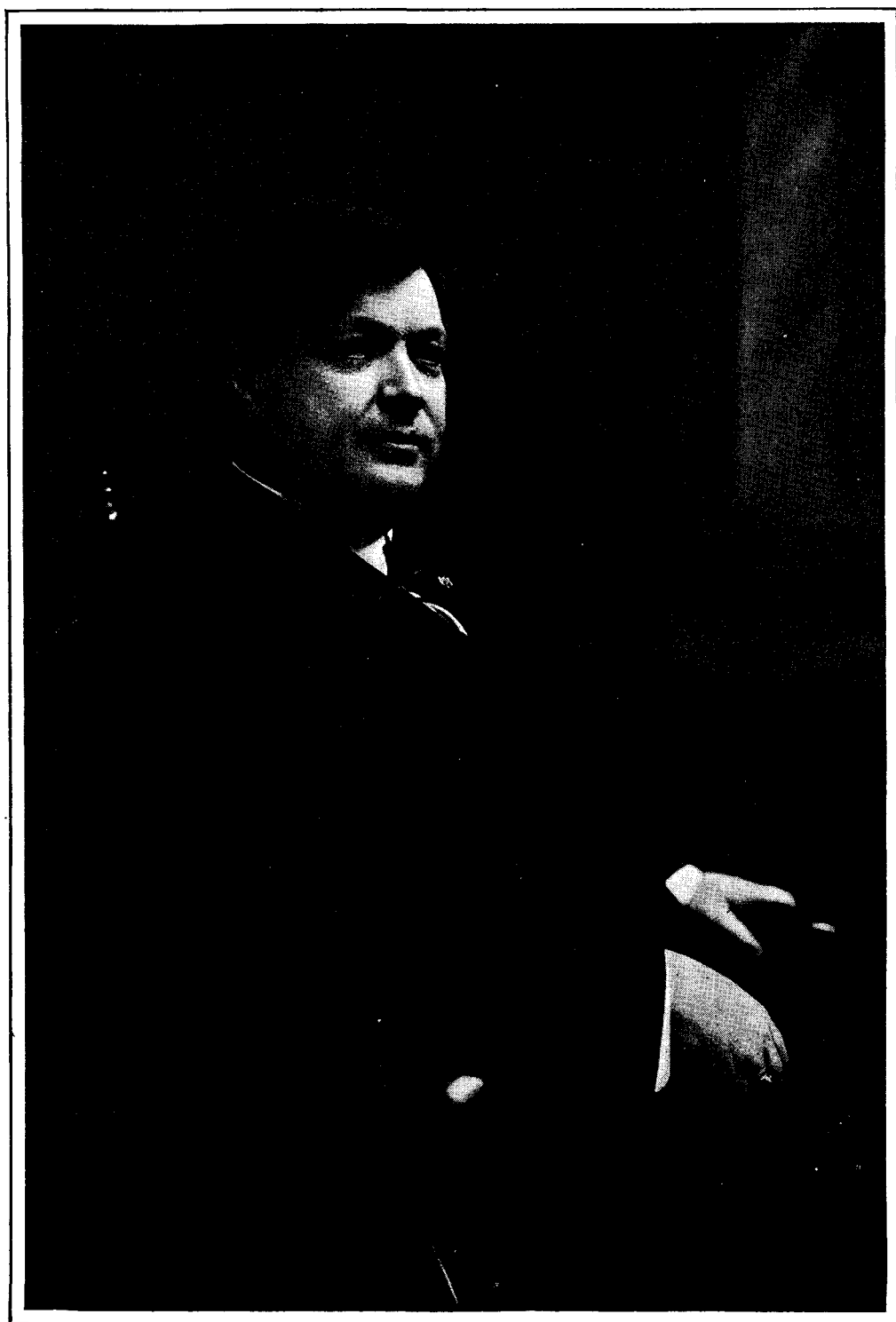
It meant, among many other things, the expert laying of 3,060,000 bricks, the skillful placing of 7,958,400 pounds of structural steel and castings, the clinching of 352,200 rivets—all in eighty-five days, remember!

It meant the spending of not less than \$1,000,000; but it meant, also, the production before the furnace's fire should go out of \$20,000,000 worth of iron, to be transformed into steel worth—no one dares guess how many scores of millions of dollars.

It meant something more than all that. It meant team-work in industry. It meant enthusiasm, loyalty, and efficiency of the highest order among a thousand workmen, speaking many tongues, but all intent upon one purpose—the breaking of all records for furnace-building the world had ever known.

To accomplish this new methods of industrial co-operation were evolved.

It was on March 6 last that the directors of the Cambria Steel Company, of Johns-



EDWIN E. SLICK

The man who brought about the marvel of construction

town, Pennsylvania, authorized the construction of a new furnace. This action was entirely unexpected. Control of the company had passed to a new combination. Steel prices were soaring, European and American consumers were clamoring for supplies, and every plant in the country was working at high pressure. The profits on the product of a new 500-ton-a-day furnace were alluring. The order was given for quick action.

On March 12 the actual construction began. Incidentally, the first measurements for the foundations were paced by a giant civil engineer—he had no tape at hand—and his paces proved so much longer than the regulation three feet that some six feet additional unnecessary excavation was done before the pacing operation could be checked up! Foundation holes had to be dug out, not only for the wide-girth furnace, which was to tower one hundred and forty-six feet in the air, but for four other brick-and-steel monuments in the form of hot “stoves,” for a monster chimney, and for other minor structures.

The engineering department was working day and night preparing detailed plans and specifications, for it had had no warning of what was required of it. Some one hundred and fifty huge drawings were devised at the highest pressure.

The word was passed around among all the workmen, including the Slav laborers, that the company was “out for a record.” Every man Jack of them entered into the spirit of the thing, and operations were begun with a whoop.

In blast-furnace erection the custom had always been for one set of workmen to finish their part and get out of the way before another set started. A new system of teamwork was originated.

Bricklayers entered the excavation and almost trod on the heels of the excavators. No sooner was a foot of the ground dug out than the bricklayers plied their art. Steel workers, too, joined the beehive.

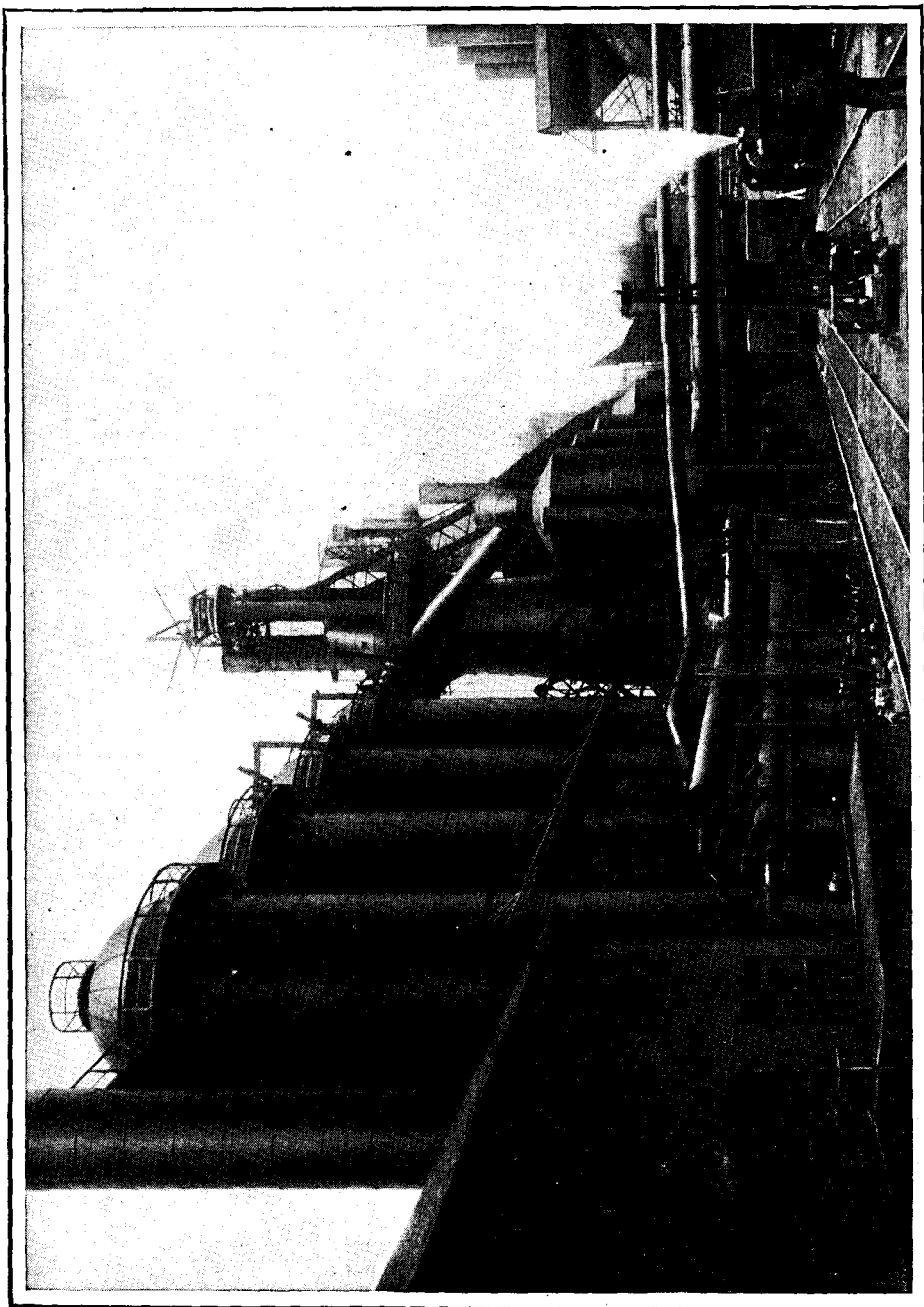
The foundation was finished on April 7, and twenty-nine days later, on May 6, the steel work was erected completely. That is to say, the whole steel monument, having a diameter of 24 feet at the base, or hearth, widening to  $30\frac{3}{4}$  feet at the “bosh,” and tapering to  $22\frac{1}{2}$  feet at the “throat,” had been reared to a height of 146 feet, or higher than the highest building New York could boast not many years ago.

As plate after plate was riveted in place by the steel workers, the bricklayers climbed after them, lining the great funnel with brick to an average thickness of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet. To guard against falling material from above the men worked below a very strong roof, or scaffolding, which was built inside the furnace; and as the steel workers moved higher and higher other roofs were built below them, so that the bricklayers could creep up and up in perfect safety. So closely did the bricklaying follow the steel work that the entire structure was lined seven days after the steel workers had finished at the top. The one-half million and more bricks used inside the furnace were laid in twenty-eight days.

Meanwhile the four blast stoves and the 180-foot chimney, 9 feet 9 inches in diameter, were rising out of the earth. Two days after the excavators withdrew the laying of the foundations was completed. The steel work on the stoves was begun on April 4, and here also the bricklayers worked close behind the steel workers. The first pair were finished on April 28, and the second pair on May 12. When it is explained that these four stoves contain a total of some 1,600,000 bricks, most of them of special shapes, and 500 tons of steel, and that they measure 100 feet in height and 24 feet in diameter, it will be realized that this job in itself was not a contemptible one.

June 5 was the goal set as the opening date. I journeyed to Johnstown that morning and went to the spot—it is called the Franklin Plant. Bees could not have worked more busily than these men. The great brick-lined furnace was being filled up preparatory to the torch being applied.

At the bottom was a mass of oil shavings and the like; next was a thick layer of wood; then tons upon tons of coke; next a light layer of limestone; then several tons of iron ore, with coke, limestone, and ore, layer upon layer, all the way up for ninety feet. A huge bucket was hoisted to the capacious mouth of the furnace every minute and its contents dumped on a huge bell, which distributed the material evenly around. Railway tracks were being laid faster than Hill or Harriman ever built a road. Men were running hither and thither twisting a nut here, closing a steel port-hole there, painting iron-work yonder. Foremen and superintendents were making hurried final inspections all over the place. Yet there was no confusion.



A BLAST-FURNACE BUILT IN RECORD TIME

Every man knew his job. Everything moved like clockwork.

Along with Chief Superintendent of Construction John C. Ogden, Chief Engineer F. H. Moyer, Furnace Superintendent R. C. Glazier, and a representative from the United States Patent Office, I was accorded the privilege, unique for a layman, I was told, of crawling inside this colossal brick-and-steel structure on the official inspection. Mr. Slick had invented a new mechanism for insuring the right distribution of the coke, ore, and limestone in the furnace, and the experts were anxious to find out how it had worked. Everything was in apple-pie order. As I stood on top of the mighty pile I shuddered to think what would happen were the match to be applied and the rope ladder withdrawn before we could scramble out! Not many minutes later the heat inside this tomb would exceed 3,000°—enough to turn the ore into molten iron.

At one o'clock General Manager Slick appeared on the scene. Miss Jane Ogden, the twelve-year-old daughter of Superintendent Ogden, arrived to light the great mineral bonfire. Thousands of workmen dropped their tools and crowded around to watch the opening ceremony. The signal was given, the little girl pushed an iron bar, red hot at one end, through a narrow steel tube, and the bonfire of one thousand tons was alight. A deafening cheer arose from the assembled workmen, who had labored like Trojans for this epochal movement.

The goal had been attained—attained with signal success. The Cambria Steel Company had lowered the record for building blast-furnaces by more than a hundred days; lowered it, too, not in a slack season with men and material available in abundance, but in the midst of a feverish boom, when workmen were acutely scarce and materials in famine supply.

Within a short time the liquid iron would be gushing from the aperture in the furnace in a stream that would shortly reach a volume of five hundred tons every day of the week.

Behind every big achievement is a big idea, and behind every big idea is a human brain. The brain behind Cambria's extraordinary feat is that of Edwin E. Slick. There is not a steel plant in the country that is not using one or more of Mr. Slick's one hundred basic patents. One alone saved, and is saving, the country's steel-makers over

\$3,000 *every day*. It was officially announced not long ago by President Corey, of the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Company, that Mr. Slick had invented processes which were saving the Cambria Company between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 a year. To-day 15,000 men are turning out, thanks to the inventor's labor-saving contrivances, as much steel as 20,000 used to produce.

The story of Mr. Slick's rise is typically American. His father died when the son was only three years old. Before he was fourteen the boy Slick began work in the shops of the company of which he is now the active head, with an army of almost fifteen thousand under him. He attended night school, and was quickly given a place in the draughting-room. Before he was twenty-five he had become chief engineer of the whole Edgar Thompson Works, and when the United States Steel Corporation was formed he was raised to chief mechanical engineer of all the Carnegie Steel Company's plants.

I asked Mr. Slick how he came to leave the billion-dollar Steel Corporation in 1912 to accept the management of the Cambria Steel Company, a relatively small, independent concern.

"I was born in Johnstown," he replied. "I began working here, and I thought I would like to come back. Besides, I wanted to try and see how I could get along managing a large body of men."

I noticed at the entrance of the works a little letter-box marked "Suggestions." I learned that every employee is cordially invited to drop suggestions into these boxes, of which there are nine dotting the plant. A prize of ten dollars is given every month for the best suggestion in each box, and the best one of the nine wins an additional prize of twenty dollars. In May over two hundred suggestions were received. The nine prize-winners are invited to the "front office," where they are congratulated by Mr. Slick. This plan enables the managers to become acquainted with the men who have original ideas, and, when opportunities occur, to choose men from the ranks to fill more important positions.

Does this help to explain how the Cambria Steel Company, against apparently insurmountable odds in the labor and material markets, succeeded in establishing a new world's record for blast-furnace building?

# THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COTTON MILL

BY KINGSLEY MOSES

WITH almost the regularity of the cycles of the seasons there sweeps over the United States a gust of agitation against the conditions of life imposed upon the employees of some one or the other of the great industries.

The difficulty is that in seeing only one side of the picture the reading public is likely to forget that there is another side, to believe that the bad conditions shown are the only conditions, and to imagine, for instance, that the case against the cotton mill is the blackest of all. It has not heard the story of Henry Decker, of the mill-owner with a conscience, or of the red-headed Yankee girl.

In 1910 there were 129,263 fewer children under fifteen years of age engaged in non-agricultural labor than there were in 1900. In the same decade the total population of the country increased fifteen millions. The astonishing decrease is attributed largely to the growth of sentiment that has removed the child from such an indoor industry as the cotton mill. And even when public sentiment has not crystallized itself in law the decrease is marked. Witness South Carolina, the second cotton mill State of the Union, which to-day employs fewer children in the mills than it did five years ago. Yet the increase in workers of all ages has been large, and there was—until the last session of the Legislature this spring—no prohibition against the employment of the child of twelve and over.

Says Mr. E. J. Watson, Commissioner of Agriculture, Commerce, and Industries of South Carolina, in his 1915 report: "It is easy to see that there was during the first six months of 1915 a rapid drift away from the employment of the child that is under the age of fourteen years. . . . *Nothing could be more gratifying than this very fact.*"

But now what of the conditions of life of the operatives of the mills?

A visitor from the North or West who drops off his train in the mid-afternoon of a Saturday in one of the mill towns of the South is likely to jump to a conclusion not vividly favorable.

The streets are thronged with people. Many of the men are unshaven, pale, stoop-shouldered, and anæmic-looking; the women soiled, slovenly of figure, vacuous of eye; children tattered and barefoot. The visitor

contrasts this Main Street with Longacre Square or Park Row—conveniently forgetting Thompson Street or Chatham Square, where squalor is not unaccompanied by vice. He knows nothing of the antecedents of these people, their upbringing, their previous environment. He does not know that some of them have in their pockets a monthly wage that is more real money than they have ever seen before in the course of their whole lives. There is no one to inform him that the neat little bungalow down there on the corner of the street is owned by the mill superintendent, who at the age of twenty-three bought a suit on credit and left his mountain farm in debt to start at the bottom of the mill. He does not know that this man, whose salary is now forty-five hundred dollars a year, could not write a legible hand until after he was thirty; and that he then stopped work for six months to go to a business college, entrance to which had been made possible by months of lamp-lit study over a tattered "Sanford's Arithmetic" and the "Third Reader."

He does not know the life story of Henry Decker. Here it is:

## THE STORY OF HENRY DECKER

Henry Decker was thirty-five years old. He had a chronic intestinal disease that prevented him from doing any manual labor. There was a wife, hopelessly broken by child-bearing and privation, and five children, the oldest thirteen.

The Decker family lived in a one-room cabin in the North Carolina mountains. There was just one plank in the cabin; that was used for the table. The rest of the house was of split slabs, the floor of cedar puncheons unplanned. The roof was of slabs held in place by heavier cross-slabs. Nails cost money, you see.

In front of the shack, lying at an angle of thirty degrees, was a sterile scratch of land where grew a little corn. Four or five apple trees there were too about the house, and two pigs. Once a year one of the boys took the apples to market forty miles away; once a year the children rolled a few logs down to the road, and a neighbor who had an ancient mule dragged the logs to town. The gross cash income of the family was approximately eleven dollars a year. They lived on hominy made from the corn, what fish and game



THE RED-HEADED YANKEE GIRL WHO HELPED  
REDEEM THE VILLAGE

they could catch, a little bacon, and occasionally some sorghum—the cheapest grade of molasses—bought at the country store.

One of the children died after a while. The country coroner couldn't tell from what cause. To-day he would have pronounced it that strange new disease called pellagra. A second child was ill. A doctor on a walking trip through the mountains recommended a meat diet. But meat cost money. And there was no money; so that child, too, died.

Some one up North will probably say that had the children availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by the State for education they would have been better off. Quite true. But the nearest school was over twenty miles away, and the school-books necessary would have cost over a dollar—one-tenth of the family's annual income.

Then, somehow or other, word came to Henry Decker that he and his family could find work in the cotton mill. And after a while they came for him with an open wagon drawn by two mules. He and his wife and the three children who had lived, and the furniture, bedding, and wardrobe of the family were loaded in.

So, after fifty miles of the roughest sort of country roads, they came to the mill.

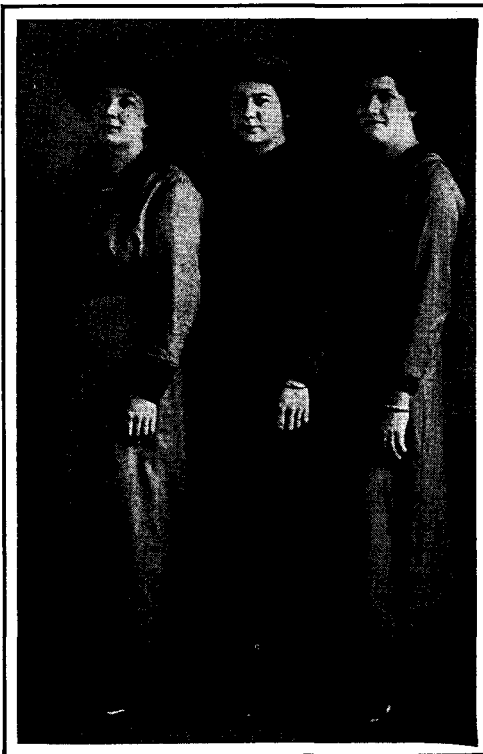
A house with four rooms was now their home. They were to pay two dollars a month for this. They had no idea how the money was to be raised; and at first didn't like the house, for they couldn't keep pigs in the yard.

The wife and the two oldest children went to work in the mill. Henry Decker was given an easy job sorting yarns, where he could sit still. The first week they made no money, but the wife came home with some peculiar slips of paper. The foreman had told her that she could get food at the store for these slips.

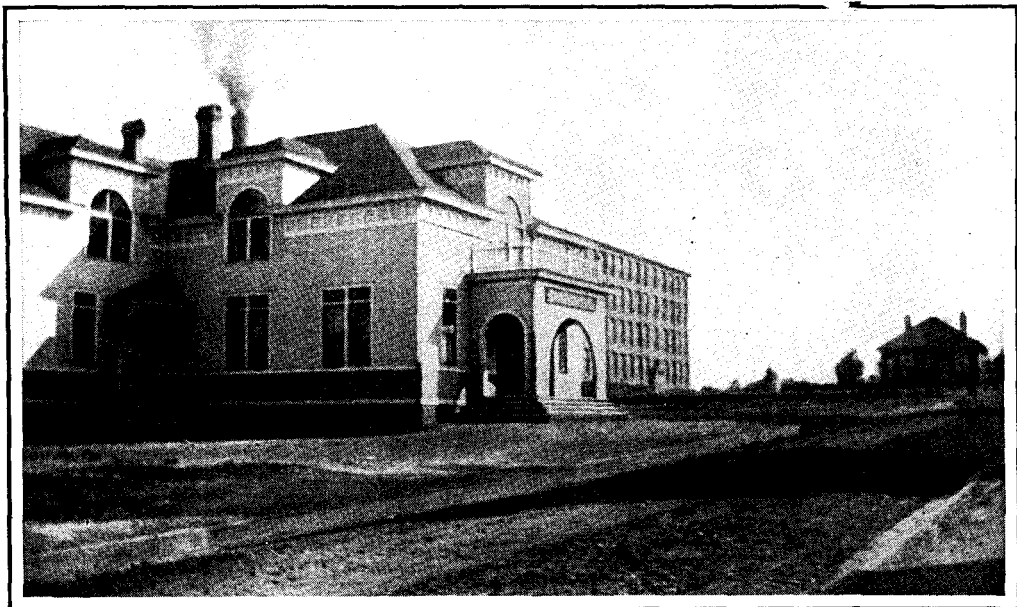
The next week the family, all four of them, had made \$14—not very much for sixty hours a week work for each of four people, but more than they had ever had in a year before.

At the end of the year Henry Decker was making \$3.60 a week; his wife was a spinner at \$6.40; Zeb was making \$4.80; and Hattie, now sixteen, had reached \$10 a week. That gave the family a weekly income of \$21.80.

Their weekly expense was about as follows: Rent, 50 cents; food, \$6.50; clothes, \$3; incidentals, tobacco for Henry,



THREE TYPICAL MILL GIRLS



THE COMMUNITY HOUSE, WITH THE MILL IN THE BACKGROUND



A MILL COTTAGE, RENTING AT \$3 A MONTH

etc., \$1; electric light, 12 cents—the latter admitted to be a gross luxury, but Joe, the youngest boy, was going to the district school and had to study, and Henry's wife had been to a session of moonlight school and had learned to read well enough to pick out the large type of the Charlotte "Observer" that the foreman lent her once in a while. Their total income was now, as has been said, \$21.80. Their expenses, \$11.12. That is, they were spending more in a week than they had previously spent in a year; yet there was seldom a week when \$10 did not go into the bank, where the mill-owner paid them six per cent.

That was fourteen years ago. To-day Henry Decker and his wife live on their own farm and have \$4,000 in the bank; Hattie married an overseer who makes \$5 a day, and lives in a pretty cottage in the village; Zeb is himself an overseer; and Joe graduated from Wake Forest University last spring and is going to the Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville in the fall.

That is the true story of one mill family.

The rise of this family is spectacular, of course, for they started at the very bottom. It is doubtful if anywhere in the civilized world one may find more abject poverty than in the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee. But for ninety per cent of the families going into a good mill it would appear that there is a vast improvement in living conditions.

#### THE FUTILE TEN DOLLARS

Note the stress on the word "good." For, as in all other industries, the mills vary greatly with the temper and character of their owners, superintendents, and overseers. In not all mills even to-day are conditions as pleasant as Henry Decker found them fourteen years ago. And it is of the worst mills that the reader hears.

He knows, perhaps, that last year in South Carolina there were twenty-five prosecutions for the employment of children under twelve years of age. He knows that in twenty-three cases conviction resulted. He knows that two overseers and one mill superintendent were convicted of willfully breaking the law by knowingly employing children under twelve years of age.

And in none of the three cases did the fine exceed ten dollars.

Further, listen to one of the cases:

April 2, 1915. While making inspection of

the — Mills, —, South Carolina, the inspector found that one Tom Lovell had been working in that mill under sworn statement of age No. 22,008, showing him to be over twelve years of age. Upon investigation it was brought out that the overseer of spinning, Luther P—, had persuaded the ignorant mother to sign an affidavit showing this child's wrong age in order that he could put the child to work. A warrant was sworn out for the overseer, who entered a plea of guilty, and was fined ten dollars.

It is not remarkable that such a case as this makes the reader lose sight of the fact that twenty of the twenty-three convictions were against parents who had perjured themselves with false affidavits as to their own children's age.

#### THE OWNER'S PART

The development of a sense of responsibility for the welfare of his mill operatives on the part of the owner is one of the most interesting features of the whole cotton mill problem. Time was when many a mill-owner charged as much as he could get for the rent of his houses, went the limit in prices for foodstuffs at the company store, and worked children of any age if he could "get away with it." It is rare now to find a mill village where the operative is charged more than fifty cents a room per month for his cottage, or to find a company store where the prices are higher than, or as high as, those prevailing in the neighborhood; and it is no longer possible to employ children under the legal age. The percentage of convictions to prosecutions in South Carolina shows that.

It should be remembered, too, that the action for the benefit of the mill workers may be termed purely extra-legislative—that is, beyond the power of any law to provide—for it is inconceivable that any statute could be so framed as to compel the owners to see to it that the employees live in a certain set fashion. And, so far as the law goes, the mill-owner is compelled only to pay his wages and to refuse to employ workers under the prevailing age limit. There his obligation, in a strictly legal sense, ceases. And though it is true that there are still some owners who hold themselves responsible no further than this, there are others who do not.

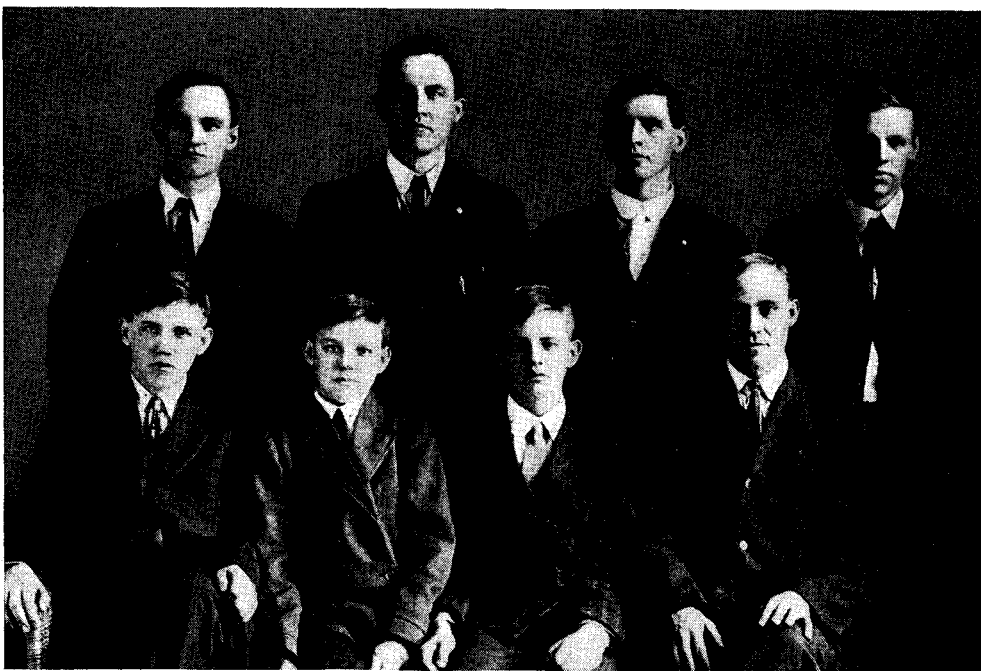
#### THE NEW MILL VILLAGE

Witness the rapid improvement in the physical character of the mill villages.

It was only a very few years ago that the typical mill village consisted of rank upon



MILL GIRLS BORN AND REARED IN THE VILLAGE, WHO ARE PREPARING TO TEACH  
IN THE MILL SCHOOLS



EIGHT BROTHERS, FOURTEEN TO TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS OLD, ALL BROUGHT UP IN THE MILL  
VILLAGE AND NOW WORKING IN THE MILL

rank of cheap wooden cabins, all built on the same pattern, square, ugly, unpainted, perched two or three feet above the hard, bare clay on four piles, one at each corner of the structure. There were no fences, no trees, no grass. A hundred or more of these ugly boxes lined themselves in rows of ten or fifteen in the middle of a sun-beaten desert of yellow-red clay. Every cabin had a crude privy at its rear; there was no sewerage system, and the few scattered wells used by the whole community were easily susceptible of pollution. Epidemics of typhoid fever were distressingly common.

To objections and criticism the mill-owner could reply: "I can't help it; if they don't want to live there, they don't have to."

He was strictly within his legal rights; but where else were these people to live?

Gradually, however, there came a change in the aspect of the mill villages. The houses were painted; a few better houses, a trifle more pleasing to the eye, were erected; sewerage systems were installed wherever practicable. One owner secured several wagon-loads of young saplings and planted one tree in front of each cottage. Other owners followed his lead. Two or three superintendents offered prizes for the most neatly kept premises, and rubbish disappeared from the front yards and from beneath the houses. The idea of beautification became popular. Grass seed was planted in the front yards and an occasional scraggy flower-bed appeared. Cheap but neat and serviceable fences were constructed. Here and there a little vegetable garden filled in the space back of the cottage, where before had been only the hard-beaten clay.

#### THE OWNER WITH A CONSCIENCE

A mill-owner in North Carolina was among the pioneers. This man had controlled a large mill that had been running for well on to forty years. The houses of his village were dilapidated and ancient; land was dear in the heart of the town where the mill was, and the expense of expansion prohibitive. The mill-owner was not satisfied with the living conditions of his people; perhaps, too, he was shrewd enough to realize that people living in such an environment could not give him their best work.

A few miles out in the country land cost almost nothing an acre. The owner saw his opportunity and began the construction of one of the handsomest mill buildings in the

South. All along the south side of the building he saved a broad space for terraces and flower gardens. In front of the mill he placed an ornamental fountain, stocked with fish; even a small alligator was introduced—to-day the delight of the youngsters.

Then he began to plan his village. First he laid out one broad main street, then the other streets; but he discarded the usual geometrical plan of parallel roads and rectangular plots. Instead of felling all the trees and making a waste of the property, he curved his roads hither and thither so that the best trees might be spared. The cottages he erected were of a dozen different types, and beside each cottage was a neat little tract laid out for use as a vegetable garden, the space between the front of the cottage and the road being reserved for grass and flowers. Pigs and dogs were barred, although a milch cow might be tethered in the rear of the yard if the tenant so desired.

This work was begun thirteen years ago. To-day that mill village is as pleasant and homelike a little spot as one may well imagine. The front gardens blossom with flowers; onions, cabbages, yams, and strawberries grow at the side of the houses; two or three trees shelter the front windows, and almost every cottage has its trellis of vines and rambler roses on the front porch. The people are clean, neat, and, from every appearance, contented. The streets are clean and well kept—far cleaner than the streets of many of the Carolina cities.

That is the physical side of the new spirit of the mill villages. But there is yet another side.

#### TWENTY-ONE PER CENT ILLITERATE

The financial condition of the South since the war has never permitted of the establishment of any thoroughly comprehensive system of education for the poorer classes. Four months' schooling out of twelve is as much as six of the Southern States have been able to supply. Many mill-owners considered this not enough and went into their own pockets to maintain the schools for from two to five additional months, giving the children of the mill villages from six to nine months' schooling annually. Even then it was difficult to persuade the children to attend, since until recently there has been little progress toward compulsory education.

If a child did not like the school, he left. One little girl of seven "quit," as she termed it, because her teacher would not allow her to

chew tobacco during school hours—the blue gums and lips of the tobacco-chewer are frequently seen among the little tots.

There has never been any intelligent public attempt to educate the illiterate adult, and in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia about twenty-one out of every hundred people can neither read nor write, while in Iowa there are fewer than two illiterates to the hundred. (These figures are for individuals ten years of age and upward.) Consider, too, that the population is practically entirely native-born, Americans for generations. In the same period of time the State of Washington received 13,093 immigrants, while South Carolina, of greater population, received 132. (The figures are for the year ending June 30, 1915.)

To reach these illiterate adults night schools were established in many of the villages on two nights in every week, the mill-owners making up the expense of tuition out of their own pockets. Liberal prizes were provided also for the greatest progress among men and women in reading, writing, and arithmetic; and every encouragement was afforded the grown people to take advantage of the opportunity offered.

#### THE "T. I. I." PLAN

With the realization of this desperate need for adult education came the question of providing some system by which education might be made attractive and attainable. It was manifestly absurd to expect that grown men and women would enter the graded schools and undertake the mastery of their A B C's in company with children in pinafores, even had they the means to do so.

But with a happy spontaneity there came the project of the Textile Industrial Institute, the idea of a Methodist parson who was conversant with mill village conditions.

He suggested that it would be possible to provide a school which the mill operative, of whatever age, might attend every other week. In alternate weeks his labor in the mill could provide the small amount of money necessary for his board in the school, tuition and all other expense to be provided for by public contribution.

The theory was put into effect, and five years ago the Institute began. As the enrollment grew, public interest awakened; the people of Spartanburg, South Carolina, got behind the work, and a fine stone building was erected on the rolling plains of the Pied-

mont just outside the town. One hundred and twenty men and women, averaging twenty-two years of age, were enrolled this year, and the single building is almost outgrown.

For a week these men and women, many of whom are just learning to read and write, work in the mill near by, sleeping and eating in the Institute. Then for a week they devote themselves entirely to study.

Youngsters of fifteen to whom the Institute offers the only opportunity of securing an education while earning a living, and mature men who have risen to the rank of overseer only to see further progress blocked by lack of education, are in classes together studying multiplication and the "Fourth Reader." Women whose years of toil at the looms—several of the girls of the Institute entered the mill when seven or eight years old—have made the future seem hopeless are preparing themselves for teaching, missionary work, or marriage, upon a higher plane than they could ever have known.

#### WHAT A MILL GIRL BELIEVES

And, after all, education and marriage are not incompatible, are they? Irma Wade thinks not, though previous to entering the mill at the age of eleven she had had but three years' elementary schooling. She has been in the mill thirteen years, and expects to stay in the mill; but every other week she is able to study at the Institute.

She writes:

Many of the mill girls marry at an early age, and become the wives and mothers of our mill villages. Having spent most of their lives earning their living, they have had little time to learn the business of home-making. Many homes are made unhappy because the wife does not know how to spend and take care of the husband's hard-earned money. He becomes discouraged and has little heart to try. . . . The mill girls of to-day need an education because they are to be the mothers of our next generation. If the mother is narrow and has low ideals, her children are more than likely to be like her. If she is uneducated, she will not try to educate her children.

The Textile Industrial Institute is an experiment. So far it has prospered and has done on a small scale a great amount of good. It is only one school; but that there is one is a significant sign.

So far this has been a story of work—of work under more happy conditions than the past knew, but still of a hard, toilsome grind.

Men, women, and children labor with their

hands, are learning to labor with their heads. But of play, of the enjoyment of leisure, of sheer careless happiness, they have known little or nothing.

"They uns sets on the steps an' whittles," says the mill father who is careful of the upbringing of his four small boys. "No, ma'am, they don't run in the street." And that was all of healthy amusement these children or thousands of others ever knew until there appeared in the streets of a certain mill village a young stranger from Connecticut.

#### A RED-HEADED YANKEE GIRL

She was not the first of the community workers to come to the South. She was in no way a pioneer. But in her own community she was typical, and may well serve as an illustration.

"A red-headed Yankee girl," they called her; slight, timid, and quite unused to the ways of the South, and homesick. "Why, when I went to see 'The Birth of a Nation,'" she says, "and General Grant came on the screen, I just had to clap, though I did it 'way down in my lap where nobody could hear me."

But, in a strange environment as she was, she realized that she had a real opportunity to make good, and set about her task sturdily. Of course she was in a "good" mill, for the mill-owners who are willing to back community and welfare work and to pay the salaries of the professional workers are more than casually interested in their operatives. The chief difficulty that confronted the red-headed Yankee girl was, therefore, not in getting such improvements made as she wished made, but in getting the people of the village to take advantage of their chance.

To this end she set about learning the names of the seven hundred odd people living in the village, so that she might approach them on terms of friendship. That in itself was no easy task, and before it had been accomplished the community building which the owner had caused to be built was ready for occupancy. The first floor of this building was given over to the use of the regular district school; about a quarter of the second floor served as a lodge-room for the men, and the remainder was divided into a big common room, library and reading-room, and kitchen. About the building a large tract was reserved for the planting of a demonstration garden, each youngster having his own plot where he may experiment under

the eyes of the girl, whose training, incidentally, extends to the rudiments of farming.

Cooking, sewing, home sanitation, are now taught daily in the community house; the children are initiated into the mysteries of the almost unknown toothbrush and are shown the value of regular bathing. The little tots are told stories and are taught how to play simple games.

On Saturday nights the common room is thrown open to the whole village, and the fact that it is no uncommon sight to see a hundred grown men and women playing "cat and rat" or "Who's got the button?" is sufficient indication of the eagerness with which the people have "caught on."

Back of the community house a large space has been cleared and leveled—"Only a red-headed Yankee girl could get houses moved to make space for playgrounds," says the Methodist minister—and already several swings, giant strides, and two tennis courts are installed. Basketball has become popular among the men, and the Girl herself, at the cost of numerous bumps and bruises, showed the mill boys the excitement of field hockey. The girls too have their volley ball, and have even gone so far as to adopt bloomers.

But one of the most interesting occasions perhaps was the staging of a "better babies" contest. Sixty children under five years of age were examined according to the standard table of the American Medical Association. Of these nine made a score of over ninety-nine per cent. One of these children was the son of the superintendent, the other eight were the children of ordinary operatives. And both of the two children making the highest score were born of fathers and mothers who had worked in the mill since childhood.

Still more remarkable is the fact that the mothers of both prize babies had suffered with pellagra and had been cured.

So much for the "other side of the cotton mill," the side that is not seen save by him who lives with the people of the cotton mill.

From a dozen investigations I draw the conclusion that the insanitary, desolate, cheerless mill village is already the exception. Illiteracy is rapidly on the decrease. In few States may a child under fourteen be employed. Tuberculosis, typhoid, and pellagra are fast disappearing.

Is the cotton mill, then, so black? Or are conditions that were once a serious social menace solving themselves?

# DISEASED TEETH AND BAD HEALTH

BY MATTHIAS NICOLL, JR., M.D.

NEW YORK STATE DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH

THE complete disappearance of teeth from the human mouth is the condition towards which the most highly cultivated classes of humanity are drifting. We have already gone far on a course that leads to the coming of a toothless age in future generations. Only by the immediate adoption of the most active and widespread measures of prevention can the human tooth be saved from the fate that has befallen the leg of the whale.

Posterity may be saved from the necessity of falling back on a diet of liquids and tabloid foods if we to-day recognize the fact that the welfare of the teeth depends largely on the welfare of the body as a whole, and that, conversely, the welfare of the whole body depends largely on the welfare of the teeth.

Happily, the medical profession has at last come to realize that the field of dentistry is not isolated or independent, but touches at many points the field of general medicine and surgery. It has been found imperative for physicians and surgeons to possess at least a theoretic knowledge of disease-breeding conditions met with in the teeth and jaws, but it is even more important for the dentist to appreciate the close relationship between his profession and that of the physician, surgeon, bacteriologist, chemist, and public health official.

In all of the larger dental colleges a thorough training in bacteriology is now required of the candidate for a degree. He must also take other courses formerly regarded as essential only to the professional equipment of physicians. Gradually dentists are beginning to have a just appreciation of the relation of morbid conditions met with in the mouth to that of abnormal conditions in other parts of the body. Thus, by mutual co-operation between the dentist and the medical practitioner, real progress is being made in the diagnosis and treatment of a number of heretofore obscure maladies which have their origin in the teeth.

For some time now we have known that civilized man's teeth were deteriorating, despite his efforts to care for these important organs, although primitive man and the lower animals continue to enjoy good teeth without any conscious effort on their part to care for

their dental equipments. We have also come to know that many conditions, tendencies, and habits of modern life are responsible for this racial degeneration. Among such causes are the artificial feeding of infants; the prevalence of chronic nasal obstruction in the young by adenoids and enlarged tonsils, causing mouth breathing, which in turn produces constantly dry, and therefore unhealthy, gums; an improperly balanced dietary, which contains an undue proportion of soft and partly digested food, thereby eliminating the healthful necessity for thorough mastication; and the bolting of food which should be thoroughly chewed for its complete digestion.

## TWO INSIDIOUS DISEASES

Only very recently have we begun to appreciate the very serious danger to the health, and even to life itself, which lurks in bad teeth. Two diseases of the teeth in particular have been engaging the especial attention of bacteriologists, dentists, and physicians during the past few years, because they have learned that these two maladies frequently undermine the general health and even endanger the lives of persons afflicted.

These are Riggs's disease (pyorrhœa alveolaris) and root abscess.

The first stage of Riggs's disease is characterized by a weakening of the resistance to infection, and later by a retraction of the gums. These changes are caused by constitutional conditions which have not yet been definitely determined, although there seems to be some reason for believing that one of the causative factors may be gout. Where there is a deposit of tartar along the gum margins, it must unquestionably be held responsible as a local contributing cause. The rich blood, lymph, and nerve supply of the healthy teeth and gums serves as a strong protection against the entrance into the tissues of disease germs; a weakening of the gums by disease turns what has been a source of protection into a menace to the general health.

When the bacteria have entered the gums and worked down between these and the teeth, the delicate structure called the periodontal membrane, which attaches the root of the tooth to the socket, is destroyed. Then the tooth becomes loosened in the abscess

cavity thus formed, and from this cavity pus and myriads of bacteria escape into the mouth and are swallowed or are taken up by the neighboring tissues.

As a result of much study, it was announced a few years ago that the cause of Riggs's disease had been discovered to be *endamaeba*—a low form of animal organisms found quite generally in small numbers in the human mouth, but in very large numbers about diseased gums. Later the theory was advanced that the *endamaeba* fed on the great host of bacteria by which they were surrounded, and by digesting those set free certain poisons from the bodies of the bacteria which, taken into the circulatory system, produced symptoms of illness with which Riggs's disease has been observed to be associated. The truth of this interesting theory remains to be established, as well as the actual rôle played by the *endamaeba* in causing Riggs's disease.

Assistant Surgeon John S. Ruoff, of the United States Public Health Service, has recently published a report of the effect of emetin given hypodermatically in combination with local treatment with ipecac used on the toothbrush. Notwithstanding the decided effect of this treatment in driving *amaeba* from the mouth, he found that the discontinuance of the treatment for a few weeks or months was followed by the reappearance of the *amaeba* in as great numbers as before, and that, furthermore, there was at no time a marked improvement in the Riggs's disease. He concludes that "emetin is an amoebicide, but alone will not cure pyorrhœa alveolaris."

To sum up, we know a good deal of the conditions under which this disease flourishes, of the symptoms by which it is marked, and of the effect which it has on the human body, but we have not yet discovered a specific treatment for it.

Root abscess is a specially insidious foe of the teeth, for it is generally well under way before it is discovered. Moreover, it is known to be associated with a very malignant form of blood-poisoning which nearly always proves fatal within a few weeks or months of its inception.

This deadly malady begins with the destruction of the enamel of the teeth. This is followed by the formation of cavities in the teeth, which permit the entrance of various bacteria into the dental canals, where they cause destruction of the tooth pulp and the formation of a focus of infection at the apex of the tooth. There is little or no warning

pain and no external discharge of pus to call attention to it, and it is only by the modern means of the use of the X-ray in diagnosis that the general prevalence of this condition has come to be recognized.

The organisms which are most frequently the cause of general blood-poisoning are called *Streptococci*. Dr. Thomas B. Hartzell, of the University of Minnesota, has made cultures from 162 cases of abscess of the root, and found *Streptococci* in 150 cases. Other observers have obtained similar results. The *Streptococcus viridans*, which is the one found in the blood of patients suffering from malignant heart disease, is that one most frequently found in cases of root abscess.

#### THE TEETH AS A SOURCE OF GENERAL DISEASE

In the old days dentists resorted to the extraction forceps as an infallible cure for all ailments of the teeth, and doubtless many teeth which might have been saved were ruthlessly sacrificed. To-day forceps have been largely relegated to the scrap-heap. Moreover, the up-to-date dentist is alive to the dangers of bridges and caps, which are often but ornamental coverings of imperfectly filled and unsterilized cavities, containing millions of bacteria whose poisonous products are being constantly absorbed or which are themselves actually migrating throughout the body and setting up distant foci of disease.

There is little doubt that a good many morbid physical conditions whose starting-points were until recently totally obscure do, in fact, originate in the teeth and surrounding structures. These unhealthy conditions are aggravated and spread by the absorption into the tissues of bacterial products by swallowing or by way of the blood and lymph stream.

*It cannot be too strongly emphasized that if a tooth cavity cannot be made sterile and filled to the very bottom no permanent covering of any kind should be placed over it or within it. It is far better to sacrifice a tooth than health and possibly life.*

#### PREVENTING AND CURING DENTAL TROUBLE—PUBLIC MEASURES

There is just one moment in your life when your mouth is bacteriologically clean. That is the moment of your birth. During all the remaining years your mouth is a veritable botanic garden of bacteria. Most of these bacteria are harmless. Some are harmless in a healthy mouth, but harmful in varying

degrees when concentrated in damaged or dead tissues. Some are the well-known germs of the communicable diseases—pneumonia, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and blood-poisoning.

Within the last few years the public interest in oral hygiene has spread rapidly throughout all enlightened countries. In the United States the progress has been amazing.

New York City, through its Health Department, has taken a leading part in this work, and set an example for other communities to follow. The number of pupils in New York City showing defective teeth was found to be so large, namely, nine children in every ten, that in 1913 the Department of Health decided to direct its energies towards prevention of dental defects rather than cure. For this purpose it now employs a supervising dentist and nine operating dentists in seven clinics, to each of which also a nurse is assigned. Only children from six to eight years are kept under supervision. These all report at the clinics, where the teeth are thoroughly cleaned, defects repaired, and, when absolutely necessary, extractions are made. At six months' intervals throughout their entire school life they are required to return. From time to time they are visited at their homes by the nurse, and taught the proper use of the toothbrush and the importance of clean mouths.

The results have been most encouraging, and it is confidently expected that future generations of school-children will show a much smaller proportion of oral defects than the present generation, which has unfortunately been deprived of this intelligent service.

Other American cities are pursuing the same kind of dental surveys, inspections, and clinics among the school-children. Among such cities there may be mentioned Los Angeles, California; Philadelphia; Muscatine, Iowa; St. Paul, Minnesota; Boise, Idaho; Cincinnati; Chicago; Taunton, Massachusetts; Hallock, Minnesota; Ann Arbor, Michigan; Kansas City, Missouri; East

Liverpool, Ohio; Elgin, Illinois; Jerseyville, Illinois; Keokuk, Iowa. Several of these cities have organized a "Toothbrush Week" to stimulate interest in the care of the teeth.

If anything is certain in medicine, it is that clean teeth are safer than dirty ones. The care of the teeth should begin at birth. If the infant cannot be breast-fed, the diet should be supervised by an expert on infant feeding. If cow's milk is pasteurized, fresh orange juice should be given daily, beginning with the third to the sixth month. Thumb-sucking should be prohibited; it tends to deform the jaws. Later, if adenoids and enlarged tonsils are suspected, a physician should be consulted as to the advisability of removing them. From the sixth year of life on a dentist should be consulted every six months throughout life.

The habit of using a toothbrush should be acquired as soon as a child can wield it, and the habit should never be abandoned. The teeth should be brushed at least twice a day. Not only the teeth but the gums and the back of the tongue should be cleansed. The usual sawing movement of the brush across the teeth is far less efficacious than a rotary movement directed from the gum downward. A thorough rinsing of the mouth and forcing the water between the teeth is of great importance.

A diet should be adhered to throughout life which requires a good deal of mastication.

The use of fruit acids, especially that of the apple, orange, and grapefruit, tends to clean the teeth and, theoretically at least, prevents the deposit of tartar.

Finally, the sufferer from bad teeth and unhealthy gums should by preference consult those dentists whose reputation is based not merely on manual skill, but primarily on a knowledge and appreciation of the necessity of asepsis (that is to say, surgical cleanliness, or freedom from disease-breeding germs) and the importance of getting rid of sources of infection in the teeth and mouth.

## FEET, SHOES, AND THE ARMY

NAPOLÉON held the theory that an army marches on its belly ; but Germany has discovered that an army marches on its feet. The United States, with a still more literal mind, believes that the soldier marches on his shoes. The superior ability which the German troops have exhibited in this war and the record distances made by American troops in northern Mexico are evidences of the value of chiropody in military hygiene.

Germany more than any other nation emphasizes the importance of keeping the soldiers' feet in the best possible condition. Her army rules provide that the feet of each man shall be inspected by one of his company officers, a medical officer, and the *Lazarethgehilfe* (hospital steward) at least twice a week in barracks, and oftener in field maneuvers.

The companies are formed in squads and ordered to stand barefooted on benches or tables, so that their feet may come readily under the eye of the officer, and also that any wincing or flinching will be noticeable when they are ordered to jump to the ground. The inspector examines the front of the feet and legs to the knees. The squads then face right about, and raise first one foot and then the other to show the soles.

The German soldier does not wear socks but *Fusslappen*. These are strips of cloth soaked in tallow and wound about the feet. They are supposed to be preferable to socks in that they wear more evenly, are more easily cleaned, and, when properly worn, are not so likely to wrinkle and cause blisters. Military authorities disagree, however, as to the relative value of socks and tallow-soaked strips. Either covering, though, is considered preferable to the custom of wearing no socks, which has prevailed in the French, Spanish, and Italian armies.

The American theory of caring for the feet differs somewhat from the German. Military experts here believe that the basis for healthy feet is sane shoes. They assume that if the army has the most comfortable and durable shoes obtainable the extra-medical care of the feet adopted by the Germans will be unnecessary.

Proceeding on this basis, the War Department appointed a shoe commission in 1912, which should design a model embodying the

best points of all the army shoes, surpassing them, if possible. The shoe which was adopted was of good materials, well made on a rational last designed by the Department. The interior is perfectly smooth, with heel broad and low and sole moderately thick. The arch is flexible and without metal shank or other stiffening. Eyelets are used rather than hooks. The shoe reaches but little above the ankle ; it is wide across the ball of the foot, and has a high toe-cap. It is comfortable, neat-looking, light in weight, and easily removed or put on.

A few minor changes from the original model were made on May 7, 1913. The filling, which was of leather in the first model, was changed to ground cork and rubber cement. The shank, which was of oak-tanned sole-leather, was changed to leather-board reinforced with steel.

The American model is comparatively light for an army shoe. It weighs two pounds, whereas the German weighs four.

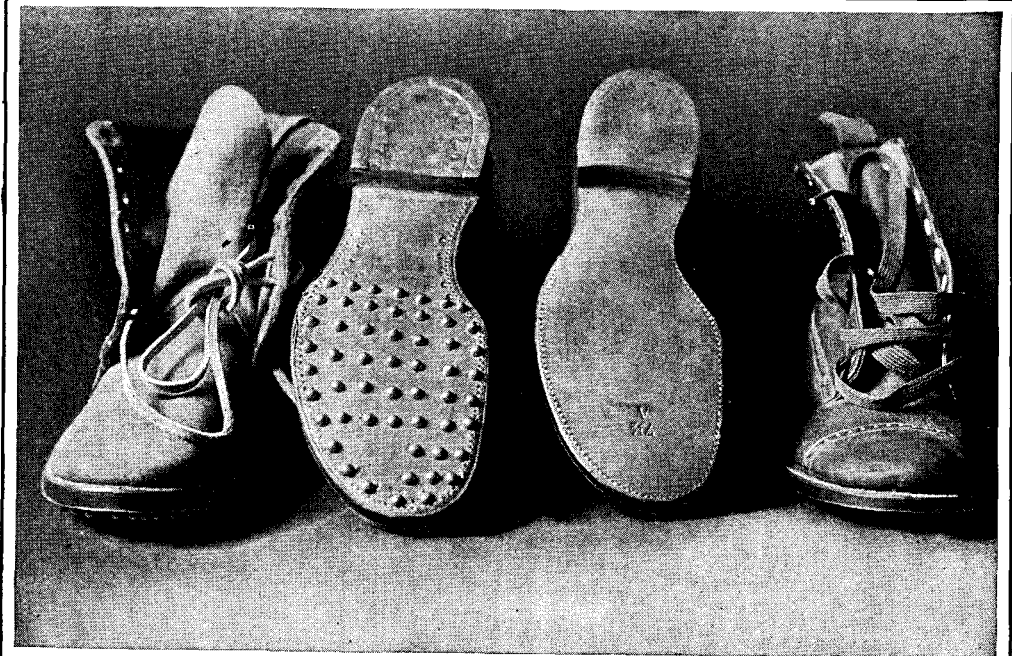
Captain R. R. Nix, quartermaster of the Springfield Armory (Springfield, Massachusetts), when interviewed by a correspondent of *The Outlook*, had the following to say of the practical service of the army shoe under the stiffest tests :

" The United States army shoe is certainly superior to any shoe that can be bought in the stores. I have not had an opportunity to compare it with the military shoes of many foreign countries, but I do not see how any shoe could have given better service.

" There have been some reports that sand gets into the shoe readily, and that the soldiers in Texas have found them uncomfortable on this account. I do not know how well founded these reports are, for I had the opportunity to give the shoes the stiffest possible service in Panama. We walked over all sorts of country there—on sand, over rocks, through swamps, and through jungles where the natives cut our paths before us—and we had no cause to complain.

" The army shoe is not, of course, built for style. The toes are square, giving plenty of room. That throws the weight of the foot in the right place, which is not true with the pointed toes of the civilian shoe.

" The army shoe, too, is especially built



THE OLD AND NEW FOOTWEAR OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY FOR MEXICAN SERVICE

The War Department has ordered 250,000 shoes of a new type for the United States regulars and militia-men in Mexican service, 20,000 of which have been delivered. The soldiers at the front will be refitted with the model (shown on the left) as soon as they wear out the present type of shoe (shown on the right) with which they are equipped. The new shoes are similar to those used in the Italian army. They are hobnailed and superior for use in mountain-climbing, but they are a pound and a quarter heavier. The model for Mexican service has no cap, and the leather is turned inside out to give a soft lining. The need for a special model for the present situation was created by the havoc which the *malpais* rock raised with the current model of army shoe

with regard to the amount of equipment a man carries. I understand that the shapes have been tested out by men carrying a full equipment walking over different terrains.

"Although officers disagree on this point, I believe that it is a good plan for a soldier to have a size larger in an army shoe than he would normally wear in the ordinary store shoe. This allows for the spreading of the foot under the weight the soldier carries and for the use of heavy woolen socks.

"I suppose the change in the filler to ground cork and rubber was to allow greater flexibility in the sole; and the use of steel in the shank was probably introduced to make the shoe wear better.

"I have seen some criticisms of the shoe in the newspapers; but from my personal observation and experience I find that it is comfortable, durable, and withstands very hard usage."

As soon as the soldiers wear out the shoes of the type which they are now using on the border they will be refitted with a new

type which the Government has ordered. The newest shoe is hobnailed and weighs three pounds seven ounces. It has been adopted for Mexican service because the present type has not worn well in mountain-climbing and has been readily cut up by the *malpais* rock in Mexico. The shoe is similar to that in use in the Italian army. Whether this model will be permanently adopted is open to considerable doubt. The weight of the shoe and the stiffness of the leather used detract from the comfort of it. It has some disadvantages, therefore, but the severe usage in Mexico made it desirable to give this type a thorough try-out in regular service.

A soldier who has not free and perfect use of his feet in a campaign is about as useless as a half-blind soldier would be in the work of a sharpshooter. In the Plattsburg training camps the feet of the men are scrupulously looked after. It will be interesting to get individual foot reports from our National Guard volunteers when they return from the Mexican border.

J. C. L.

# A UNIQUE PRODUCT OF THE WAR—THE ANZAC BOOK<sup>1</sup>

HERE is a soldier's book—made by the soldiers on the firing line, pictures and all; a product of the fertile genius of the Australasian branch of the English people; consisting of contributions, prose, poetry, and pictures, made during three weeks of last year in the trenches and dugouts of Gallipoli.

Many Americans who are deeply anxious for the success of the Allies in their fight against militarism and for democracy feel a sinking of the heart when they recall the end of the attacks on Gallipoli. They should read this book. There is here no gloom over defeat, no despair over failure. There is cheerfulness under appalling difficulties, a quick seizing of the humors of the campaign, a heroic resolve to retrieve eventually an unfortunate situation, and a determination to win in the end despite all odds. It is a book to make Englishmen—and Americans—proud of the spirit of their race.

In an Introduction General Birdwood gives the origin of the term "Anzac"—the word being formed from the initials of the words "Australasian and New Zealand Army Corps." Anzac Cove was the name given to the beach where the first precarious foothold of the British troops on the Peninsula was established; and there the book was composed, on ground hallowed by the blood of brave men of many races, among whom, it may without detracting be said, the Anzacs are recognized as "the bravest of the brave." The greater number of the contributors to this book were private soldiers. An example of the fighting man's poetry written at Anzac may be interesting. These stanzas are from "Abdul":

"We've heard the twigs a-crackling,  
As we crouched upon our knees,  
And his big black shape went smashing,  
Like a rhino, through the trees.  
We've seen him flung in, rank on rank,  
Across the morning sky;  
And we've had some pretty shooting,  
And—he knows the way to die.

Yes, we've seen him dying there in front—  
Our own boys died there too—

With his poor dark eyes a-rolling,  
Staring at the hopeless blue;  
With his poor maimed arms a-stretching  
To the God we both can name . . .  
And it fairly tore our hearts out;  
But it's in the beastly game."

Here is a glimpse of Anzac love:

At the burial of Sir John Moore was heard the distant and random gun. Here the shells sometimes burst in the burial party. Bearers are laid low. A running for cover. The grave is hastily filled in by a couple of shovel-men; the service is over; and fresh graves are to be dug for stricken members of the party. To die violently and to be laid in this shell-swept area is to die lonely indeed. The day is far off (but it will come) when splendid mausolea-will be raised over these heroic dead.

Turning from these solemn tributes to the departed Anzacs and their foes, here is an example of the Anzac's humor:

I was looking out from the entrance from my dugout thinking how peaceful everything was, when Johnny Turk opened on our trenches. Shells were bursting and fragments scattered about Shell Green. Just at this time some new reinforcements were eagerly collecting spent fuses and shells as mementoes. While this fusillade was on, men were walking about the Green just as usual, when one was hit by a falling fuse. Out rushed one of the reinforcement chaps, and when he saw that the man was not hurt, he asked, "Want the fuse, mate?"

The other looked at him calmly.

"What do you think I stopped it for?" he asked.

And another:

One of the chief pastimes of the Turks who live behind the black and white sand-bags opposite is that of listening to stories. . . . Here is an example of the sort of story which especially pleases them:

Nastradi Hodja's wife woke up one night through hearing a noise. She got up, and, going out to the landing on the upper floor outside her bedroom, called out:

"Nastradi, what was that noise?"

Nastradi's voice came up from below. "Don't pay any attention to it," he said. "It was only my shirt that tumbled down the stairs."

"Does a shirt make such a noise?" she asked.

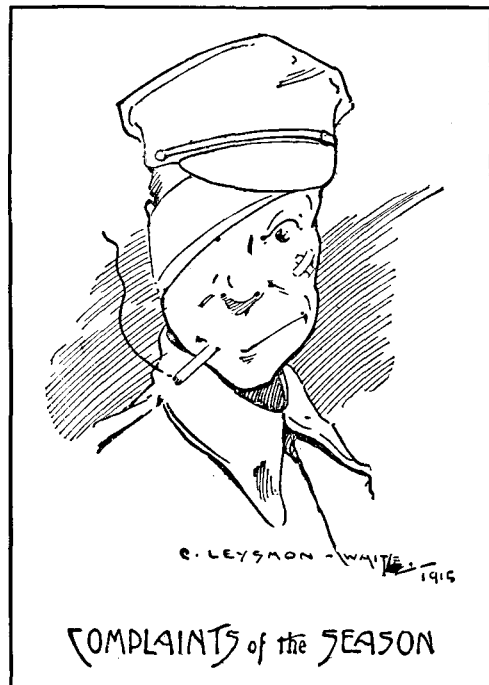
"No," was the reply; "but I was in it."

The humorous rhymes of the Anzac men are many; here is a sample from a tribute called "Arcadia":

<sup>1</sup> The Anzac Book. Written and Profusely Illustrated by the Men of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps at the Dardanelles, and Edited by Captain C. E. W. Bean, Official War Correspondent to the Australian Commonwealth. The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.75, net.



*Drawn by Ted Colles*



COPYRIGHTED BY THE ARTISTS OF "THE ANZAC BOOK"

SKETCHES BY SOLDIER CARTOONISTS FOR THE "ANZAC BOOK"

"But now I've struck an ideal spot  
Where pleasure never cloy.  
Just list to the advantages  
This choice retreat enjoys—

The rent is free, no board to pay,  
No land or income taxes,  
And on my tail no middleman  
Nor fat man fatter waxes.

If I should say I need some clothes,  
Some one will just 'take action';  
No tailors' bills can worry me  
And drive me to distraction.

The scenery is glorious,  
The sunsets are cyclonic:  
The atmosphere's so full of iron  
It acts as quite a tonic.

And should you doubt if there can be  
A spot which so excels,  
Let me whisper—it is ANZAC!  
Anzac by the Dardanelles."

It is the artist among the Anzacs, however, who catches most readily the humorous side of life in the trenches. We present on the preceding page a group of such pictures from "The Anzac Book."

We conclude our review of this product of the soldier's pen and pencil with a sketch of an "Anzac type:"

When 'Enessy came over the water and first sees the Turkish trenches, 'e says: "Strike me pink! But where's them Turks they talk about?"

Says I: "They're right there behind them sandbags, old cock! And don't you forget it, neither!"

"And don't they come out and show themselves?" 'e asks.

"Wot for?" says I.

"Why, for us blokes to shoot at, of course!" 'e says.

One mornin' early while we was standin' to arms 'e lights up a bumper, so I tells 'im not to let the officer cop 'im or there'd be trouble. Just then along comes the bloomin' officer, so 'Enessy sticks 'is lighted bumper down south into 'is overcoat pocket, and 'olds it there out

of sight. The officer sniffs about a bit, then 'e asks 'Enessy: "Are you smoking?"

"No, sir!" says 'Enessy.

"Well, I can smell smoke!" says the officer. Then 'e looks pretty 'ard at 'Enessy and says: "What's your name?"

"Enessy, sir."

"Well, Henessy, your pocket's on fire!"

'Enessy looks, and hang me if that bloomin' cigarette 'adn't set fire to 'is coat pocket. But the officer only says: "Don't do it again!" and whips off.

It was when we came out of the firin'-line for a week's spell that 'Enessy met 'is Waterloo. 'E was detailed for guard down at the drinkin' water, and 'e was to take all his nap and camp down there. The first night, when 'e was doin' 'is shift 'e sees a dark shape movin' along and challenged it three times, but never gets no answer. So 'e ups with 'is gun and lets fly. When the corporal rushes along to know what the blazes was the matter, 'Enessy ups and tells 'im, so they goes forward together pretty careful, and soon they sees a black heap lyin' on the sand ahead of them. Gor blime! If 'Enessy 'adn't gone and shot one of them poor little Indian donkeys which 'ad strayed along the beach. Well, 'e was chaffed pretty considerable by 'is cobbbers,<sup>1</sup> and got fairly sick of hearin' about it.

Next night when 'e was doin' 'is shift again, 'e sees another black shape movin' along the beach, so thinkin' 'is cobbbers were 'avin' a joke with 'im, 'e picks up a big stick and goes forward with it. 'E 'ad gone about twenty yards, when suddenly there was a flash and a report, and 'Enessy drops down with a bullet through 'is chest. Strike me pink! A real Abdul 'ad come up this time, and it was no bloomin' donkey, neither! 'Enessy was 'it pretty bad, but 'e grabs 'is rifle and lets fly, and one more bloomin' Abdul 'ad gone to join 'is Prophet. Next day 'Enessy was taken away on a 'ospital ship, but that was near three months ago. I 'ear that the blighter is back on the beach, now, and you will be able to see him yourself when 'e comes back to the squadron. But strike me! 'E's a bloomin' dag!

<sup>1</sup> Cobbers—mates.

# THE NATIONS AT WAR

## THE DESTROYERS OF EARLY CHRISTIAN ART

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN ITALY

From the Italian War Zone, June, 1916.

AT Ravenna one sees the war from an entirely new angle, for the ancient city stands apart from the world, as it were, having no reason—no modern reason—for existing at all, except for the honor, loveliness, and history eternalized into its stones fifteen centuries ago.

Hence it is that all good men and true, and not merely poets and artists, must think of its suffering injury much in the way they would feel if a priceless collection of ancient manuscripts and early illuminated missals were put to fire and sword.

To realize how barbarous are the methods of warfare of the Teutons, to become convinced that Austrian air-raiders do not hesitate to attack with premeditation and malice the greatest works of art, one must see Ravenna to-day.

There is nothing martial about this somber old city, although it is in the war zone; it has no great defensive system against air attacks, such, for example, as Venice possesses. There are no notable and unusual crowds of soldiers on its streets and *piazas*, as in a hundred other towns. It remains, though in the war zone, the peaceful city of early Christian art—perhaps the most perfect example extant.

As one turns from its quiet, almost deserted streets, and comes suddenly face to face with the havoc made by Austrian shells to the Basilica of Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, the sense which grips the spirit is that humanity, and not merely an architectural treasure, has been ruthlessly injured and violated. Corrado Ricci, Director-General of Fine Arts, and the great expert on the art of Ravenna, pronounced the judgment of civilization, I think, when he said, of the damage done to this venerable edifice: "It has stood for fifteen hundred years, and has looked upon hordes of barbarians sweeping down the highways at its feet, struggling fiercely and perpetrating furious outrages. It has come through the centuries almost unscathed to our day, the only stamp left by history being the glorious marks of its great age. It remained for those nations who until yesterday assumed to be leaders of civilization to strike it right

on its brow, thus outraging the noblest sentiments of culture, of art, and of religion."

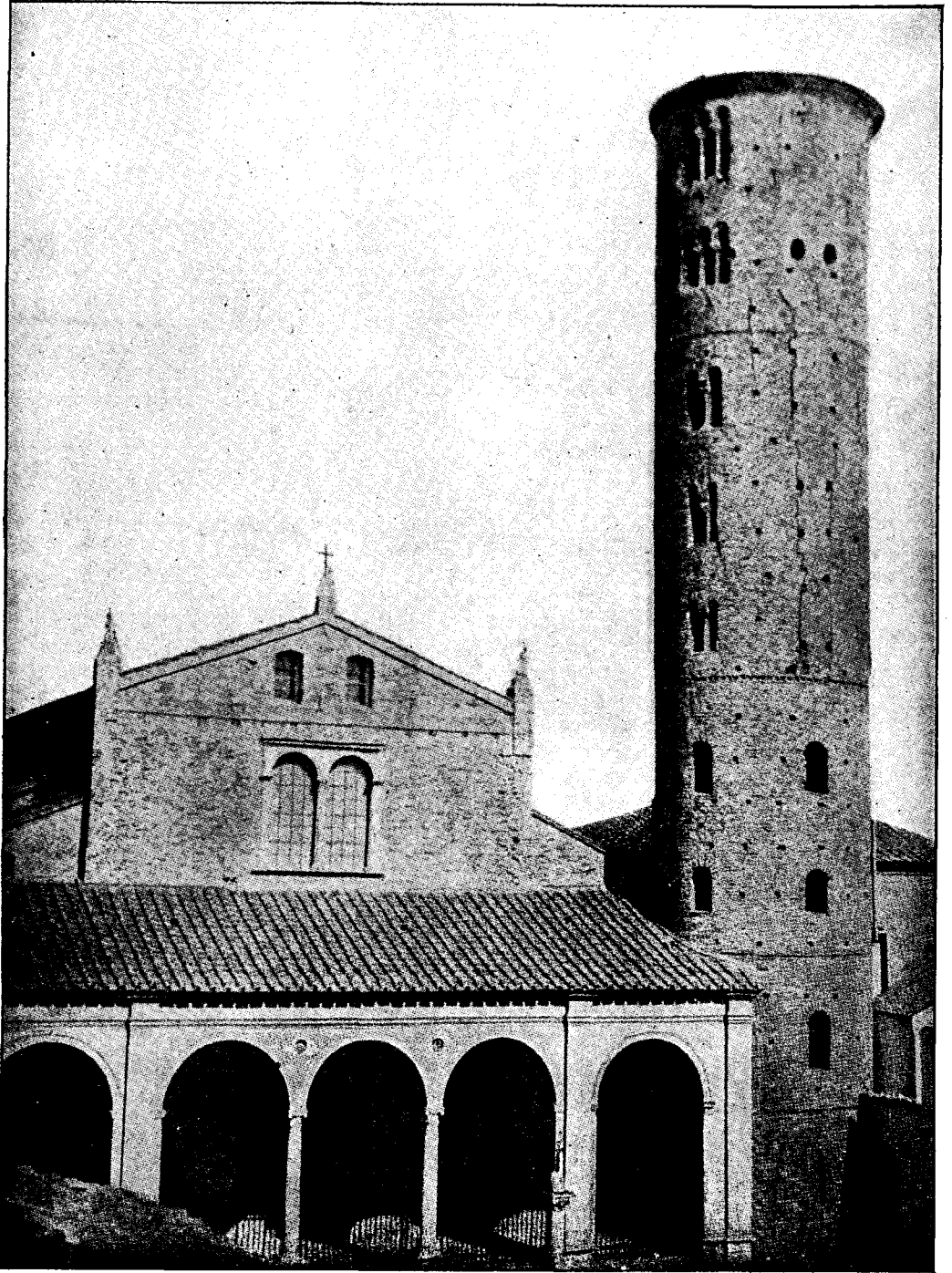
Stricken on its brow! One reddens with shame looking at that battered façade, and bows almost in reverence at the glorious bits of carvings being painfully gathered from masses of *débris*.

Inside the basilica, the sixth-century mosaics on the walls of the nave and the remains of half of the interesting ceiling of 1611 show with even more poignant contrast the damage done to the ancient building.

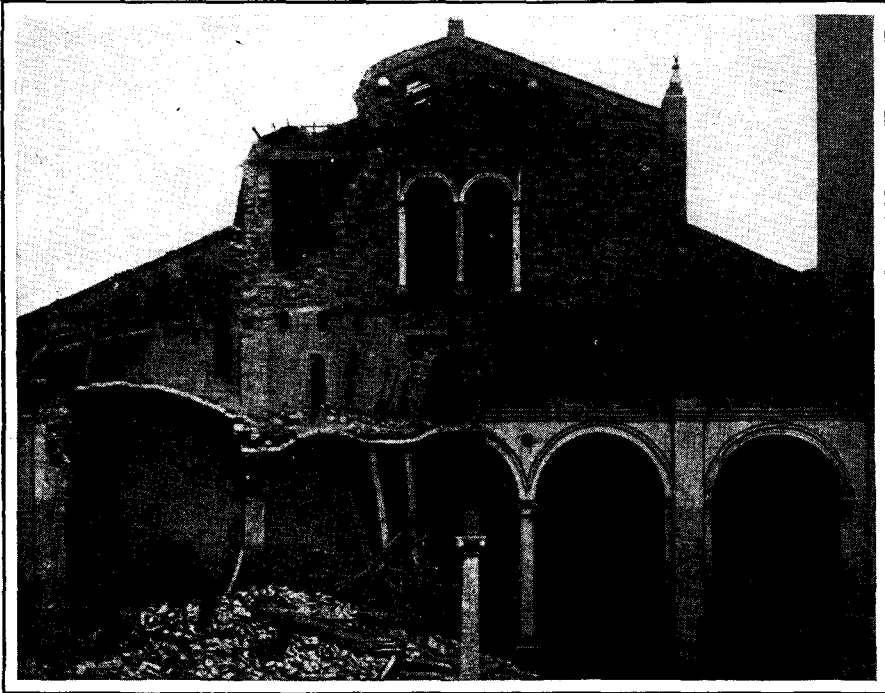
Yet as I look on and contemplate human savagery I become conscious of a feeling akin to joyousness driving away my anger; I notice men busy all about me, in and out of the church, earnest, active, cheerful. I see a great work of rescue going on—a work to which the Italians have bravely set their heart and hand.

In the sunny, gardened cloisters adjoining the basilica artisans are sawing, carving, piecing all sorts of stout timbers and delicate boards; in the interior of the church engineers on a huge scaffolding are directing the repair and restoration of the ceiling and the superstructures. In a room apart skillful hands are piecing together the shattered mosaics, lest future generations may miss the loveliness of the venerable church in its completeness. There are workmen even on the stately round *campanile*, the Directors of Fine Arts having decided that this was an acceptable time to restore the great steeple to its primitive lines. Except for the space roped off where the artisans are at work, the church is open to worship. Here, fittingly, the soldiers' mass is said every Sunday morning, a soldier-priest celebrating it, while officers and men join in singing to the Lord of Hosts. At the side of the high altar, facing the great wound of the home of God, hangs the flag of Italy, a black sash at the staff-head commemorating the soldiers who have died for the safety of their native land.

As we walk up and down the cloisters, chatting with the artisans, the sacristan's wife, spying us, leaves her washing and comes up to greet my wife. She hasn't seen *forestieri* for ever so long, and she has



THE BASILICA OF SANT' APOLLINARE NUOVO AT RAVENNA, ITALY—A SIXTH-CENTURY CHURCH  
PARTLY DESTROYED BY AUSTRIAN BOMBS



SANT' APOLLINARE NUOVO AFTER THE ATTACK BY AUSTRIAN BOMB-THROWERS



AN ANCIENT MOSAIC IN THE CHURCH OF SANT' APOLLINARE NUOVO

been through the "Judgment Day." That is how she describes that terrible moment on February 12 when the Austrians, flying over a then almost defenseless Ravenna, dropped fire and death on the city.

The tale the woman tells us is very simple. She had just finished sweeping the church, and had left her cousin to work in the second side-altar on the left. She was barely out of the little side door which opens into the cloisters when the bomb fell. It struck the left corner of the façade, the cornice of which fell on the portico, crushing half of it, and penetrated the roof into the interior, where it exploded near the main entrance. The woman's cousin at the side-altar was the only eye-witness to the horror, and she escaped without injury.

"The Byzantine Madonna," said the sacristan's wife, "saved our churches from even worse harm when the Austrians came again, for they threw many shells upon the city, but none exploded." Then, with a decisiveness which was shrewdly Italian rather than irreligious, she added, "At all events, now, when the Austrians come, I run into my trench." We looked about for military works in those peaceful surroundings; she understood and explained, smilingly: "My trench is under my bed; that's where I go now when the air-raiders come."

A woman of stouter heart was acting custodian of the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia, at the other end of the city; for women seem to have supplanted most of the sacristans in showing the sights to the occasional visitors.

My gaze was resting on the blue and gold of the mosaics of the vaultings, lost in wonder at the artistry which could produce such firmness and clearness of colors, lasting through centuries, when the white-haired woman said: "You should see them with the sunlight shining through the alabaster of the windows;" and she pointed, with a pathos which I can never forget, to the narrow openings in transepts from which the

alabaster panes had been removed, in the hope of saving them from the wrath of the enemy.

"We have taken those away," she said, simply, but with a fine gleam of courage in her old eyes, "and we have given up our children; now we deserve to win."

All through the day I thought of these words, as I went down the streets which had seen Odoacer and Theodoric and the Ostrogothic soldiery, and which to-day showed upon many doors a large, red-painted circle to mark the places where citizens may find refuge if the twentieth-century enemy comes suddenly over the city; and I thought of the old woman's words as I walked back from the *piazza* in the twilight, following the military band which passed almost like phantom musicians over deserted streets.

But most stirring did those words seem when, in the late evening, I lingered in the shadow of the house of the Polentas, close to the tomb of their immortal guest. By daylight I had seen that ugly, unworthy monument which marks Dante's resting-place, the poverty of the artistic conception dignified by a barrier of sand-bags which shielded his mortal dust from possible harm, as embattled Italy seeks to protect all her great treasures of art. In the darkness of the night, which enshrouds the city lest the sky-raiders pounce upon it too easily, the cupola of the monument surmounting the sepulcher rose white and calm, bereft of its shoddy artistry and mystical in the starry blackness of its background. Then the invocation of the poet of Italy at war—of the poet who to-day, in the sternness of struggle and battle, has risen above himself—came to me with a new significance:

"For the oak and the laurel, and for the flaming sword,  
For victory, glory and joy, and for thy sacred hopes,  
O thou, who hast tasted of hatred, and seest and knowest,  
Dante, High Custodian of our Destinies,  
We await thee!"

# HOW TO MAKE PLAY OUT OF WORK

## I—THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WORK AND PLAY

BY ELLEN CHATTLE

WISE people have always thought that work is good for grown folks and play is necessary for children. But until rather lately the serious-minded believed that the more the play period could be shortened the better it was for all concerned; much less was there any thought of prolonging it into maturity. But now a different theory has been developed, and those who make a study of the forces in life that help people to become good and happy are agreed that play is to be counted among those forces, and that it is necessary, not only for the young, but also for the adult. Those who love their fellows are striving to get the working hours shortened and life made easier in some other ways, so that every one may have a few more play hours. But meanwhile, if there is some way in which we may get the spirit of play into the work hours, that will be a clear and immediate gain. That is the purpose of this series of papers.

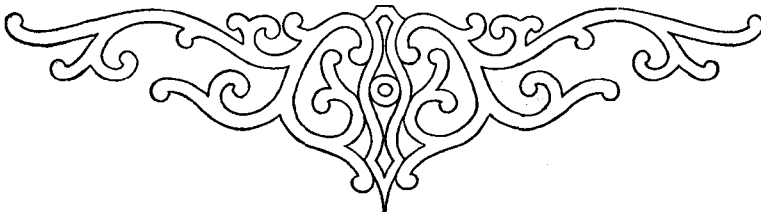
We must understand the difference between work and play in order to see what we must put into work or take out of it before we can make it into play. We could not form one list of activities headed "Work" and another headed "Play," for the reason that many things people do would appear in both lists. Wood-chopping, for example, would certainly be counted work under ordinary circumstances. But for the tired city man who gets away to the woods on his vacation, chops an hour or so a day, then with pride feels the swelling muscles on his arm, it is play. Golf is great sport; but suppose you don't like to walk and don't enjoy swinging a club, can you imagine anything more like work than being obliged to play golf all morning? The same performance, even to the same person, may be sometimes work and sometimes play. The little girl who is grievously burdened by

the task of hemming towels joyously hems the skirt of her youngest child while her little foot rocks the doll's cradle.

It has been said that what we do because we are obliged to do it—to make a living or for some other reason—is work, and what we do because we like to do it is play. This is partially true. Play is something we do for the pleasure of it. If we do not like it well enough to do it for that reason only, it is not play for us, whatever it may be called. For instance, if you do not like games, but join a little club that play because you like the girls and enjoy the social chat afterwards, the game is not really play for you; but the social part, which you do like, is your play.

But is it true that the activity by which we make our living or fulfill our duties in the home is therefore bereft of joy and the play spirit all driven out of it? I think not. Why do not the prosperous men who have comfortable incomes stop business and play golf? Because they have found a game that beats it. Why does mother hum so cheerily while she sets the table, puts over the coffee, and bustles about in the kitchen? It is not to keep up her spirits; it is because her spirits *are* up. She likes what she is doing; her pleasure in it has not been spoiled by the fact that the family breakfast depends upon her efforts. Sometimes mothers do not enjoy these tasks, but perform them willingly for love of the home. But then they do not sing at their work, and they are more tired at night.

Clearly, then, play is an attitude, and not dependent upon the form of the activity nor its purpose. Yet there are reasons back of this attitude, laws to which it conforms. These are to be observed in the plays of children, and the succeeding articles will consider some of these principles and suggest ways of applying them to our workaday lives.



# PRESIDENT WILSON AND PROSPERITY

## IS THE LATTER DUE TO THE WAR OR THE ADMINISTRATION? THE POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ANSWER

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

We print this article for two reasons: First, its author is one of the clearest and most fair-minded social economists that we know; second, in the discussion of political questions we wish to give our opponents the opportunity of stating in these pages their position in the strongest terms. We do not believe that the economic and financial arguments for the election of Mr. Wilson can be put more strongly or effectively than they are here stated by Mr. Price. Nevertheless we do not agree with his conclusions. We give the reasons for our dissenting opinion in an editorial on another page.—THE EDITORS.

NOT long ago I was talking with the superintendent of a large manufacturing establishment in New England. He had about six thousand employees under him. I asked him how they were going to vote. He replied that, though they lived in a State that was nominally Republican, and most of them usually voted the Republican ticket, as he did, he thought they would nearly all vote for Wilson next election. I inquired why. "Well," he said, "there are two reasons: first, Wilson has kept us out of war, and these people feel that if there had been any fighting they would have had to take the bullets, though New York might have had to raise the money; second, they have had more work at better wages than ever before in my recollection."

I reminded him that the Republicans claimed that our remarkable prosperity was not due to the Democratic Administration, but existed in spite of it; that they urged that the advantage of a protective tariff had been demonstrated by a war which shut out all foreign competition; and that they insisted that the loss of our National honor was the price we had to pay for peace.

"That's all very well," he retorted, "but Wilson has given us prosperity—he hasn't asked us to be content with promises; and as to our honor, time enough to consider that when the rights of some of those who live here and are willing to stay here are attacked. Most of those who are here, or their fathers, left Europe to escape the enforced military service that would be their lot if we went to war, and Wilson is right in leaving a lot of bloated aristocrats to fry in their own grease, while they hide behind the poor devils that they put on the firing line.

"These fellows here are brave enough," he said, "but they care a lot more about their wives and children than they do about all the kings and princes that ever lived."

I report this conversation because it expresses what I am convinced is the attitude of a large majority of the wage-earners of the United States.

Their political conclusions are admittedly subjective. They have no use for economic theories. Most of them are spending the larger portion of what they make. The first duty of government, as they conceive it, is to provide them with an opportunity to earn a living and to live in comparative happiness and comfort. The party or the administration that does this will get their votes and retain their support until employment is not to be had, or the purchasing power of the wages paid is seriously diminished. I do not mean to indorse this view. From the standpoint of the political or the patriotic idealist there is much to be said against it; but there is also much to be said in favor of it, if it be true that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the chief end of government. Since it is the view that will largely control in the approaching Presidential campaign, it is in order to review the politico-economic development of the United States under the Wilson Administration, and to contrast the conditions that prevailed in 1912 and 1913, which were the last years of Republican ascendancy, with those which exist in 1916, after only forty months of Wilson.

It would not be difficult to present pages of figures that would show the marvelous economic progress of the United States since 1912-13, but they would be tiresome in the monotony of expansion that they would disclose, and the following brief comparison between the more important indicia of business activity and progress under Wilson and his Republican predecessors will suffice. Wherever possible this comparison is made between the figures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1916, and that ending June 30, 1912, but in many cases the statistics for these dates have

## Percentage of increase or decrease

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not been available, and others covering an interval nearly as significant have been used.

There are other facts equally important that cannot be subjected to the telling comparison of the parallel column. In all parts of the country transportation lines, rail and water, are taxed beyond their capacity. Freight embargoes have been resorted to in many instances. Shipbuilding is progressing on a scale unknown since the Civil War.

So far as labor is concerned, we have the word of Samuel Gompers that never before in the history of the world were so many people employed at such high wages and under such excellent conditions as is the case in the United States to-day. No capable man need be idle. Throughout the West farm-hands are offered \$3 a day and board, and farmers themselves have rarely experienced such prosperity.

According to an analysis made by the Bureau of Statistics and Information of the State Industrial Commission of New York, the number of employees was twenty-one per cent greater and wages paid were thirty-seven per cent higher for factory employees in New York State in April, 1916, than in April, 1915. The same thing is approximately true of most other industrial communities.

Another interesting sidelight on present business conditions is furnished by a comparative summary of the number of agate lines of advertising published during the month of June this year and last in the newspapers of the large cities. Here it is:

| SUMMARY OF TOTAL ADVERTISING FOR JUNE. |            |            |           |
|----------------------------------------|------------|------------|-----------|
| Papers.                                | 1916.      | 1915.      | Gain.     |
| 17 New York....                        | 9,434,822  | 8,510,585  | 924,237   |
| 7 Philadelphia..                       | 3,268,200  | 2,599,800  | 668,400   |
| 7 Chicago.....                         | 4,967,650  | 4,344,372  | 623,278   |
| 6 Los Angeles..                        | 3,864,000  | 3,566,700  | 297,300   |
| 5 Baltimore....                        | 3,240,867  | 2,490,693  | 750,174   |
| 5 St. Louis.....                       | 3,148,301  | 2,566,642  | 581,659   |
| 4 Cleveland....                        | 3,083,475  | 2,612,325  | 471,150   |
| 4 Minneapolis..                        | 2,580,988  | 2,308,937  | 272,051   |
| 4 San Francisco                        | 2,181,252  | 2,070,932  | 110,320   |
| 4 Detroit.....                         | 3,770,914  | 3,000,816  | 770,098   |
| 4 Washington..                         | 2,337,210  | 2,126,173  | 211,037   |
| 4 Cincinnati ...                       | 1,877,100  | 1,673,700  | 203,400   |
| 2 St. Paul .....                       | 267,084    | 234,464    | 32,620    |
| Total.....                             | 44,021,863 | 38,106,139 | 5,915,724 |

Commenting upon this showing, the New York "Evening Post" says:

Business conditions throughout the country have an excellent general barometer in the counting-rooms of the leading daily newspapers in the large cities. When the advertising columns of such newspapers show substantial gains in all cities, there is but the one conclusion

to be drawn—the public has money to spend and is spending it. The big manufacturers, who constitute the National advertisers, and the stores and shops are enjoying increased prosperity.

Facing this summarized record of the Nation's growth since they were removed from power, the Republicans, through their candidate, endeavor to belittle the showing by saying: "No intelligent man is deceived by the temporary prosperity due to abnormal conditions." The implication intended is that the European war is entirely responsible for a prosperity that we would not otherwise have enjoyed. Let us analyze the facts. It will be admitted that whatever profit the United States has derived from the war in Europe is measured exclusively by the increase in the balance of trade in our favor.

As our imports have varied but slightly since 1912, the increase in our exports must include everything that we have gained from the expansion in our foreign trade.

This increase in exports is about equal to the increase in our trade balance, and while it cannot all be profit—for the cost of producing the things exported should be deducted from it—we will, for the purposes of this argument, assume that our war gains equal the entire amount by which our balance of trade has exceeded the normal average before the war.

For the four fiscal years ending June 30, 1914, our favorable balance averaged \$550,000,000 a year. For the last two years it has been as follows:

For the year ending June 30, 1915. \$1,094,000,000  
For the year ending June 30, 1916. 2,136,000,000

Total.....\$3,230,000,000  
Normal for two years, \$550,000,000  
each..... 1,100,000,000

Increase for two years of war. \$2,130,000,000

This increase of \$2,130,000,000 is manifestly in excess of our entire gain from the war. It is equal to our profits plus the cost of production, and it is only through the increase in our foreign trade that the war can have profited us at all. Our maximum possible gain from the war is therefore \$21.30 per capita.

This, then, is the measure of our abnormal prosperity. Against it we find that our National wealth has increased by \$41,000,000,000, or \$410 per capita. Our debt to Europe has been reduced by \$3,340,000,000, or \$33 per capita; our total bank deposits have in-

creased by \$6,570,000,000, or \$65 per capita; and the value of our manufactured products by \$9,400,000,000, or \$94 per capita. If the war in Europe has been the only reason for our prosperity, by what alchemy has the gain of only \$2,130,000,000 from our foreign trade been multiplied nearly twenty times in the growth of our National wealth? The Republicans must supply the answer if they can.

Until they do, the non-partisan economist will believe that, while the war has undoubtedly stimulated the foreign demand for some things, our prosperity has been mainly due to the encouragement that has been given to business and enterprise by the Democratic party under the leadership of President Wilson.

The work of the Administration in this respect is unparalleled. Never before have so many sound and necessary economic reforms been enacted into law in so short a time. The list is a long one. Our political memory is short. Let us refresh it.

Since Woodrow Wilson became President Congress has passed:

1. The Federal Reserve Act, which stands out as the most superlatively beneficial legislation that any party has ever given to the people. Through it business has been unfettered and panics have become almost impossible. The strength and mobility that have been given to our financial resources through the Federal Reserve System have enabled us to withstand the shock of the greatest war in history and have converted what might have been a period of utter prostration into one of extreme prosperity.

2. The Rural Credit Bill, which gives the farmer the same access to credit that has hitherto been reserved to the business man.

3. The Income Tax Law, under which the inordinately rich are contributing a larger share toward the maintenance of a Government which protects them in the possession of their large and unnecessary fortunes.

4. The Federal Trade Commission Act, which seeks to remedy industrial injustice, prevent unfair competition, and protect both the business man and the public. It provides for a continuing and careful investigation into business conditions. In the words of the President, it "substitutes the gentler processes of counsel for the harshness of criminal law," and attempts to correct abuses without injuring the innocent.

5. The Clayton Bill, which defines the indefinite negotiations of the Sherman Law,

prohibits interlocking directorates, delegatizes the monopolistic control of one corporation by another, and declares "that the labor of a human being is not a commodity or article of commerce."

6. The Good Roads Law, which extends Federal aid to the States in road building and promises greatly to facilitate human intercourse in the country districts, reverse the cityward tendency of our population, and enormously increase the value of our agricultural land by making it more accessible.

7. The Smith-Lever Agricultural Education Act, which provides for Federal co-operation with the States in extending a knowledge of progressive farming, and responds to the demand that "the last load of illiteracy shall be lifted from American youth."

To these should be added the Child Labor Bill, now advocated by the President, and numerous other less important measures which evidence the wise solicitude of the Administration for the business of a Nation that consists chiefly of business men.

This solicitude has been manifest, not only in constructive legislation, but in the manifold activities of the various great departments of the Government.

The Agricultural Department has extended its work aggressively and variously.

The Secretary of the Treasury has taken the lead in organizing many movements for the relief and extension of commerce.

The Post-Office Department has been conducted at a profit instead of a loss, as under Taft and Roosevelt. The rural free delivery service has been greatly extended. The parcel post has been popularized and the depositors in the postal savings banks have increased from 165,000 in 1913 to 550,000 in 1915.

The Department of Justice, while pursuing real criminals relentlessly, has inaugurated no political prosecutions for the glory of trust-busting and has preferred to caution rather than persecute those who were guiltless of any intent to transgress our complex laws.

The State Department, under the personal direction of the President, has secured for us the benefits of peace without the loss of honor, and the candid-minded man must admit that we have benefited humanity more by our diplomacy than we could have done by a resort to arms that would have cost millions of lives and billions of treasure.

It is true that mistakes have been made, but they have been quickly corrected. "A wise man changes his opinion, a fool never,"

and considering the difficulties of his position and the divided public opinion of the country, the President has shown marvelous skill in guiding the Ship of State through the most troublous period of the world's history.

The hindsight of the critic is naturally more accurate, though less necessary, than the foresight of the statesman, but the fact that his detractors can find nothing except the idealism of the President's Mexican policy to attack shows how remarkably correct most of his judgments have been.

Through it all he has never lost sight of or sympathy with American business industry and labor. Toward them his policy has been one of constant solicitude. It has found expression in the halls of Congress, in the White House, and in all his public utterances.

If there is any relation whatever between constructive legislation and business progress, between conservation and prosperity, and between the statutory enactment of economic law and material advancement, then we must conclude that the marvelous business development in America during the past two

years is due to the policies of the President rather than to the war in Europe.

Can there be any doubt as to the disposition of the people toward a public servant who can give such an account of his stewardship? In one of his essays upon the United States John Stuart Mill said that "the American people, when confronted with grave economic questions, often seemed upon the point of doing the wrong thing, but in the end the common sense of the people has prevailed and they have done the right thing."

Since the time of Mill the common sense and economic sanity of the American people have not diminished. Thanks to the conservatism, tact, and statesmanship of President Wilson, we have become the most powerful Nation in the world, both morally and economically.

That the majority of the American people recognize this and will insist upon retaining the services of a man who has served them so well is a conclusion of both logic and observation.

## THE WOMAN'S PARTY

*To the Editor of The Outlook:*

Dear Sir—Will you permit me to say, in answer to your editorials in *The Outlook* of July 19 on "The Women Voters" and "The Issues as Women See Them," that the vote of the Woman's Party must be reckoned with because a small number of votes constitute the balance of power in each of the twelve suffrage States? The Woman's Party is already completely organized in all of these States, and it has an issue which makes an especial appeal to women.

Of course the entire vote of the four million women qualified to vote for President will not be cast solidly for any one candidate. It is absurd to expect that it will be. It is quite possible, as you estimate, that not more than two million or two million five hundred thousand will actually avail themselves of their opportunity to vote. Fortunately, however, for the hopes of the Woman's Party, neither four million nor even two million votes are necessary to make effective the demand for an amendment to the Constitution enfranchising women.

The suffrage States are close and doubtful

territory. During the last five Presidential campaigns an average change of only nine per cent of the vote would have altered the result in every election. The percentages for the five elections are as follows:

|                 | 1896. | 1900. | 1904. | 1908. | 1912. |
|-----------------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| California..... | 0.3   | 0.6   | 17.4  | 11.2  | 0.01  |
| Colorado.....   | 34.9  | 6.7   | 3.0   | 0.5   | 7.8   |
| Idaho.....      | 28.4  | 2.1   | 20.2  | 8.4   | 0.5   |
| Illinois.....   | 6.5   | 4.2   | 14.2  | 7.7   | 0.8   |
| Kansas.....     | 4.9   | 3.3   | 19.4  | 4.8   | 3.2   |
| Montana.....    | 30.1  | 9.3   | 10.2  | 2.2   | 3.4   |
| Nevada.....     | 28.4  | 10.9  | 10.7  | 1.0   | 5.9   |
| Oregon.....     | 1.0   | 7.8   | 23.8  | 11.0  | 3.4   |
| Utah.....       | 33.3  | 1.1   | 14.3  | 8.5   | 2.5   |
| Washington...   | 6.7   | 5.9   | 25.3  | 12.9  | 4.0   |
| Wyoming.....    | 0.7   | 8.5   | 18.9  | 7.9   | 0.9   |

In 1912 the result in Idaho was determined by 556 votes; in Wyoming, by 376; in California, by 88. In Nevada Senator Newlands was elected to the Senate by 38 votes and Senator Pittman by 88.

It is obvious that the dependence of the Woman's Party need not be in numbers, although, before its campaign has fairly begun, it has tens of thousands of members. Standing apart from and outside of the two great

parties, the Woman's Party can hold the balance of power in the States whence come ninety-one electoral votes. The strength of the Woman's Party is not in numbers, but in strategic position.

The Woman's Party is completely organized in each of the twelve suffrage States. It is, in fact, the third party, having possessed itself of the place left vacant by the Progressive Party, but with this advantage—that the Woman's Party vote is concentrated, instead of scattered over the whole United States. The Woman's Party was launched in Chicago, June 5, 6, and 7, at a convention of voting women called by Miss Alice Paul, National Chairman of the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage. It is made up of voting women pledged to put "suffrage first" in the fall campaign. Upon coming into being the party, under the leadership of Miss Anne Martin, Chairman of the National Committee, took possession of the State organizations perfected during the last three years in the twelve States by the Congressional Union. Since June 7 organization has gone rapidly forward, until now committees have been formed and are at work in almost every county. It is expected that the organization of every county will be complete by August 10, when the first conference to determine election policies convenes in Colorado Springs.

No one who went West in the Suffrage Special can doubt that the Woman's Party has an issue which makes a special appeal to women. Although it is quite true that women, like men, are interested in the European war, our Mexican policy, prohibition, and international questions, yet it is also true that the National Woman Suffrage amendment, usually known as the Susan B. Anthony Amendment, can be made a paramount issue with thousands and thousands of Western women. The reasons why Western women can be so interested are plain. It is only by a Federal amendment that the inter-State and National discrimination against their own political rights can be removed, that Eastern women can be enfranchised, and that Western women can use their political power to bestow the gift of freedom upon others.

Western women want the Susan B. Anthony Amendment because they resent conditions which disfranchise them if they move East to live. They resent laws which take from them their citizenship if they marry aliens. Great hardship is wrought by such laws. In the

State of Washington, for instance, an American woman was denied a mother's pension because her husband, who had deserted her and neither seen her nor supported her for years, had become a Canadian. In Illinois an American woman applying for a pension for the blind was refused because she was married to a foreigner. American women lawyers who marry foreigners can no longer practice in our courts. Western women wish to safeguard their citizenship and their political freedom as men's are safeguarded.

Western women desire more influence in shaping National policies. This they cannot possess until all American women count politically. But American women cannot be enfranchised within any reasonable length of time except by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Amending State Constitutions is slow, burdensome, and in many States hopeless, because of the difficulties to amendment inherent in the Constitutions of the States.

A State constitutional amendment must usually be passed by a two-thirds vote of the State Legislature, and then submitted to a referendum of the male voters of the State. In New Mexico the proposed amendment must receive a three-fourths vote of the entire Legislature, a three-fourths vote of the entire electorate, and a two-thirds vote of all those voting in each county. In New Hampshire an amendment must be submitted by a constitutional convention, which can be called only once in seven years, and the process of calling it is excessively difficult. The proposed amendment requires for ratification two-thirds of the votes of all electors voting. Indiana requires a majority of the votes of all the qualified electors of the State. It has never been possible to amend the Constitution of Indiana.

Seven States fix a term of years after an amendment has failed of adoption before it can be resubmitted. Four States restrict the number of amendments to be submitted at any election. Eleven States require for the approval of an amendment a majority of all the votes cast at an election, not a majority of the votes cast for or against the particular amendment. In two States the final approval of an amendment is left with the legislators even after the electors have approved of it. These are only a few of the difficulties in the way of amending State Constitutions. Moreover, State work is like trying to progress over shifting sand.

An advance once made cannot be held. When a State referendum fails, work must start again from the very beginning.

On the other hand, in work for a Federal amendment every step forward is a permanent gain. A Federal amendment once passed by a two-thirds vote of Congress is passed forever, and needs for ratification only a majority vote of three-fourths of the State Legislatures. Once ratified by a State Legislature, the amendment cannot be brought up again; but, if rejected by the State Legislature, it can be immediately reconsidered.

The Federal method is not only easier, it is also fair. A Federal amendment does not infringe on the rights of a State. Such rights cannot be abridged by using a method prescribed by the Constitution and agreed to by the States. A Federal amendment simply applies the principle of majority rule, and objections to it lie equally against our whole system of government. A Federal woman suffrage amendment does not complicate the race problem. There are six million more white than colored women living south of Mason and Dixon's line, and two million more white women than Negro men, women, and children combined.

Nor is the Federal method alarmingly novel. The States have never had exclusive control of suffrage. The original Constitution laid down specifications as to who should vote for members of the Senate and who should vote for members of the House of Representatives. The Fifteenth Amendment declared that United States Senators should be elected by the people. Moreover, the Federal Government alters the electorate through its control of naturalization laws. The United States permits foreigners to become citizens. Under the Fifteenth Amendment, it forbids the disfranchisement of these citizens simply because they are foreigners.

Men may regard with complacency the difficulties of the State-by-State road to enfranchisement, toward which women are blandly waved. But women will not accept this impossible way for their sisters when they have a right to proceed in an easier and better way according to established forms of law. Western women thrill to the thought that they

have the power to open to their sisters this way to freedom. They realize that their power can be made effective only in pressure upon the National Government. It is a pregnant fact, and very characteristic of the psychology of women, that work for the freedom of women appeals to thousands of women who did not work for their own enfranchisement. And hundreds of women have contributed to the war chest of the Woman's Party who did not contribute to their own State suffrage campaign.

Why should it be called revenge for women who desire the political freedom of others to vote against a party openly unfriendly to the only method by which Nation-wide suffrage for women can be gained? It is no more revenge to vote in the interests of the freedom of *other women* than to vote in the interests of peace and preparedness. And why should suffrage as an all-absorbing issue be side-tracked by the women of the West for "Americanism"? There never was a greater opportunity to make "suffrage first" the paramount issue. Both great parties are vociferous in claiming the issues of peace and preparedness. President Wilson, who stands for peace, also toured the country in the interests of military preparedness. The Republican party stands for peace, according to the testimony of Governor Glynn. In his keynote speech at the Democratic Convention Governor Glynn, amid shouts of applause and cries for more, recited the many occasions on which under international provocation leaders of the Republican party had in the past written notes! Certainly the Republican party claims preparedness too. Witness the cartoons of Colonel Roosevelt weeping for his stolen issue and not to be comforted.

In this connection, I must confess that I do not know just precisely what Americanism means. But if it means, as I believe it does, the dedication of all that is best in our beloved country to making this Nation, not only strong and peaceful, but also *just*, then surely there is no reason why Western women should not vote as women in woman's cause of freedom.

ABBY SCOTT BAKER,  
Press Chairman Woman's Party.

National Headquarters,  
Washington, D. C.

# MY IMMIGRANT NEIGHBORS

## THE BIG SWEDE

BY GERTRUDE BARNUM

IN our immigrant neighborhood it was usual for rooming-houses to depend largely upon itinerant "help." Therefore we took it quite as a matter of course that the "Big Swede" came somewhat irregularly to build fires, beat rugs, and move furniture about. The chamberwork of the house was done by Lilly, a young English girl, fair haired and thin, whose baby was always in evidence. Lilly was not pretty, but when smiling at the child her face became transfigured and her blue eyes were suffused with a tenderness which was beautiful to behold.

The girl was unmarried, and, according to her landlady, had been employed from charitable motives. The charity was not at all in evidence, for the labor piled upon the thin shoulders of the "unfortunate" seven days and nights a week was staggering. The Big Swede occasionally would add the girl's work to his own while she departed with her baby for a "sunnin' in the square." Naturally we concluded that these outings were arranged by the girl's mistress. It was not probable that they were gratuities from a man of the proverbially "phlegmatic Scandinavian race."

This particular Scandinavian was typically phlegmatic, showing a stolid face as his giant proportions loomed about the house. Sometimes, when he would catch glimpses of Lilly enjoying brief exchanges of love and gleeful play with her child, however, an expression of interest might be detected in his eyes; and the baby always petted the Big Swede much as one fondles a beloved and trusted dog.

Delighted that I, too, enjoyed baby "Tommy," Lilly brought him to my room from time to time to put him through an ever-lengthening programme of tricks. On one of these occasions she asked him, "W'ere's Tommy's nose?" Whereupon Tommy stuck a finger wabbily into one eye. The mother's disappointment at this blunder was no less intense than that of the Big Swede, who suddenly had lurched to the doorway to watch the performance.

"Na, na! the nose, the nose!" insisted the man.

Baby made amends on a second guess, and then the Scandinavian grinned with all the pride of a father. My astonishment at this show of feeling was increased when I learned that it was the Swede who had presented Tommy with the new shoes and dress he wore at the time.

"'E's good," Lilly said, quite simply.

I wondered about this goodness more and more.

Our landlady, an invalid, spent much time at her sister's home, and we suspected that generally she neglected to provide proper food for her "help." I noticed that the Big Swede often arrived with armfuls of supplies—beefsteaks, vegetables, eggs, milk, and butter—and gradually both mother and baby put on flesh. There was something in the whole matter which troubled me.

"Lilly," I asked, at length, "does that man expect to marry you?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "'E knows about me. Besides, 'e's got a girl out West. 'E's goin' to get married to 'er in spring. 'E 'elps me because 'e thinks the work's too 'ard. 'E knows 'ow I don't get no wages, and the missus never leaves no victuals about; only skim milk an' bread an' tinned stuff. It was 'im got me this place, an' 'e's fearful I'll go under, with the 'bally 'ouse on me, an' not eatin'. So 'e 'elps out. 'E's a longshoreman in winter, an' gets carkin' wages an' takes 'alf-'oliday w'en 'e's a mind."

"You mean to tell me he works here without pay and buys those provisions with his own money?"

"Yes, miss, 'e's good, 'e is!"

Lilly grew confidential, and told me her story.

She had "lived out" from childhood in a small English village, drudging early and late, with no playtime and no companionship. At the age of eighteen she was introduced to "bank 'oliday balls" by a "fine young gentleman who came by." These balls were held in a large town ten miles away. A stagecoach went through the various near-by villages, picking up "couples" for them, but the return trip had to be made on foot.

Lilly greedily fed her starved affections and fancy upon the kindness and flattery of her

"fine young gentleman" friend. By summertime they were lovers. Strolling home after the music and dancing at the balls, her romantic passion would swell with every mile of the sweet-scented road, roofed by the starry night sky.

"Once 'e took me the longest way 'ome," Lilly confessed, and her hanging head and painful blushes made the full meaning quite clear.

It developed that there came a day when she had "awful news for 'im, an' then—"

Horror on horror! The "fine young gentleman" proved to be married.

Borrowing money from a thrifty cousin on the plea of wishing to better herself "in the States," Lilly made the passage to America in steerage, and landed in New York, sick, broken-hearted, and terror-stricken. At that time, overtopping all the rest of her tragedy, was grief at having parted in anger from her lover.

"I give 'im the len'th o' my bitter tongue," she sobbed. "An', oh, I loved 'im so! Tommy is 'is very pictur'. I got to love 'im fer the two now."

In a small shop, not far from the basement room which the wretched culprit rented on landing in America, she found work. The last borrowed dollar tided her over to pay-day. The life struggle, on an infinitesimal wage, was easier since she had "neither 'art nor stomach fer eatin'." In the mornin's," she said, "fear woke me up. At night I 'ad time for the cryin' I daren't do in the factory." She made no friends, was avoided for her gloom or laughed at as a "greenhorn." Months of object, unrelieved misery and fright followed.

Finally, answering the advertisement of an employment agency, she took a housemaid's position in the country, hoping to lay by her earnings against the dread day of disgrace and dismissal.

In this country place were other servants, and now sometimes in the evening company Lilly "forgot for a spell." Among the frequent callers in their servants' quarters there came the Big Swede.

"Mr. Larsen," who had charge of a private yacht in summer, was always welcome, though a very taciturn companion. "'E wuz keepin' company with a girl in Michigan," said Lilly, "but 'e wuz good to all of us—even to 'the long face,' w'ich is wot 'e called me."

"The long face" won special sympathetic notice from this quiet observer, and instinc-

tively trusted him. So it was that as her dread crisis became imminent in desperation she selected this man as confidant and appealed to him for advice.

"'E wuz awful quiet," said Lilly. "All 'e said at first was: 'So? Vall, I 'tank it vas saamtang!' 'E said as 'ow I should quit worryin'; 'e'd fix it right. 'Is words wuz few, but 'e's made good every bloomin' one."

The new friend lost no time. He made arrangements at a hospital, and found work for the girl near by it, at our rooming-house. The landlady agreed that "the unfortunate" might work for room and board until time for the childbirth, and he agreed to pay for both board and room during the convalescence, providing Lilly might bring her baby back with her.

"'E was dead set on my keepin' the kid," Lilly explained. "I 'ated that afore I went to 'orspital. But 'e put 'is fist down. 'Twuz goin' against a bally wall tryin' to change 'im. 'E would have 'is way. But 'e promised 'e'd stand by me, an' 'e 'as stood by. W'en Tommy wuz first 'anded me, I turned to the wall an' cried till they thought I'd finish. Next day I got int'rested in the bloomin' little pig, 'e was so bally 'ungry. That wuz the day Larsen sent in the baby clothes. 'E seemed to know 'ow I'd get int'rested in Tommy. You couldn't fahncy a man would rightly pick out wot a wee kid needs to 'ave—wot? But 'e did that. Every bloomin' thing, down to a w'ite cloak an' blue an' w'ite flannen blanket to wrap 'im in w'en I come out o' 'orspital. It even 'ad a bow o' satin ribbon on it!"

"'E's found Tommy's clothes ever since," the girl wound up. "Not sayin' aught about the baby-carriage. 'E's good, clean through. You won't find a lot as good as wot 'e is."

One morning a short time after telling me this story, Lilly said that Larsen wished to consult me regarding a plan he had in mind, which turned out to be a proposal that he secure for her the lease and furniture of our rooming-house, as the invalid landlady was now ready to dispose of it.

It developed that Larsen was soon to be married. He would then live in another city, and in winding up his affairs preparatory to leaving he considered Lilly and her baby assumed obligations. They must be attended to with careful provision for their future. Any sentiment he might have felt for them found no expression. He expressed the

hope that I might agree to remain as a permanent roomer, help to keep the house filled with desirable patrons, and let him know in case Lilly or the baby should be in trouble or need. He argued that, as the girl already was running the house, she should be getting its profits. He would make a generous initial payment on the furniture. She could hire the heavy work done and yet save enough to make later payments.

At length all was arranged according to this plan, and one morning this remarkable Scandinavian came to take leave of his protégés. He cleaned the house from top to bottom, brought in a large supply of coal and provisions, sifted the ashes, and stoked the fires. Then awkwardly he shook hands with Tommy and Lilly.

"Vall, good-by," he said. "You know vare I go. Let me know when you need saamtang."

Lilly's eyes were full of gratitude, but she could not speak. "You have been wonderfully good," I said for her.

"Vall, I dunno," he said, deprecatingly.

Lilly leaned against me and wept. Neither she nor I could get out another word between us. My throat ached from the restraint of tears.

The "phlegmatic Scandinavian" turned his cap round and round. Once more he repeated, "Vall, good-by," then lunged away, his face wearing its usual stolid expression. As Lilly never needed his further help, neither she nor I ever again saw the Big Swede.

## JE NE SAIS QUOI!

A STORY OF THE WAR

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

**A**T the top of the hill Gaston stopped, took off his helmet, and sat down on a stone by the side of the road. Below him, at the foot of the slope, clustered the white houses of a tiny village, their walls reddened by the level rays of the setting sun. The place seemed almost deserted. The only things visible were a prowling dog, a couple of children, and an old woman who stood in the street in front of the last house, shielding her eyes with her hand against the glare of the western sky.

Gaston's brown fingers plucked uneasily at the seam of the loose trousers of bluish-gray cloth, a uniform which he no longer had the right to wear, for twenty-four hours before he had left his rifle leaning against a tree and skulked off through the darkness—a deserter.

Never before in his life had Gaston done a thing of which he had cause to be ashamed. He was not really ashamed now, and yet the knowledge that his act had made him an outcast and criminal in the eyes of men had already bred in him a strange furtiveness. It seemed to him that facing the few curious eyes of the village would be almost an impossible ordeal, although his hunger was so sharp that it could no longer be denied.

The man did not look a skulker. His big

frame filled the loose uniform, although the deep tan of his face and the heavy beard which covered his chin and cheeks told of lean months of service in the field. His blue eyes were set well apart and his forehead was both broad and high.

It was this high forehead which held the explanation of his conduct. He had a brain. He had not deserted because he was a shirker or a coward. He had served faithfully and had won a corporal's chevrons as well as the liking of his comrades.

But he had been a clerk in a second-hand bookstall in Paris. His restless, untrained mind had had the run of the shelves, and he had stuffed it with an enormous and weird mixture of theories. During the fourteen months of his soldiering he had tried to sort this mass of material into order. There had emerged a fantastic theory of life which had instantly turned a good soldier into a deserter.

His theory had not been gripped in a moment. It had come into being only after long hours of hard thinking, puffing his pipe at one side while his comrades played cards, or leaning against the cold earth of the trench wall, his hands gripping the stock of his rifle. His patient peasant's mind had bored its way slowly but inexorably through the confusion of material stored in his brain. Grad-

ually he had made something out of chaos. The conclusions which he reached were almost too vague to be put into speech, yet they were sufficiently clear and compelling to convince him that for him to continue to fire steel-jacketed bullets at his fellow-creatures was a blacker crime than any other he could commit.

Chance had favored the immediate putting of his theories into effect. He had formed one of a squad detailed to guard a long string of empty wagons on its way to the nearest supply depot. During the night which followed the first day's march Gaston had divested himself of rifle, knapsack, and the black leather harness from which hung his bayonet and cartridge pouches, set them at the foot of a tree, and stolen away.

He had tramped most of the night, slept for a few hours in a clump of bushes, then resumed his march. Paris was his objective. He knew the consequences of his act, knew that he had made a pariah of himself, and that he would be in constant danger. Yet Paris seemed the best place in which to hide, to lose the identity which he would never dare to resume.

For perhaps ten or fifteen minutes he sat on the stone, then got slowly to his feet and put on his helmet.

"*Bien !*" he muttered. "It must be done sometime, and I am very hungry."

Then he strode off down the long hill toward the village.

Felix Gardeau sat on the doorstep of his shop—the last house in the village—smoking his pipe and staring moodily at Lucette, his wife. The woman was standing in the road, which ran straight as a great chalk-mark between its parallel rows of poplars, gazing under her hand toward the west. Felix watched her for a little, then took the pipe from between his lips.

"Will you come in?" he demanded. "If you continue to look at the sun, you will have a headache. If you have a headache tomorrow, I shall have to do your work instead of my own, and we shall be a little nearer having nothing to eat."

She made no reply. Gardeau took a few few more puffs, then continued:

"A thousand times I have said that it is folly to stand in the road watching for Louis. If he had been killed, there would have been a message from the Government in Paris. If he had been wounded, there would have been

some word from the hospital. And if he is alive, he is in the trenches and cannot come. *Voilà tout !*"

Lucette made a restless movement with her shoulders, as though she would shake off his words as a spaniel rids itself of water.

"For three nights," she answered, "I have dreamed that he will come down the hill and along the road at sunset."

Felix grunted and spat contemptuously.

"And I suppose if you dreamed that he came out of the earth you would stand with a shovel in your hands looking at the ground ready to help him out when he appeared!"

She turned and came toward the house, moving with slow, shuffling steps, and sat down beside him.

"He does not come," she said. It was not a complaint, rather a statement of hopeless fact, spoken in a dull monotone that told of a broken spirit, a spent courage. "He does not come, and I cannot wait. I am going to die."

For years Felix Gardeau had been emotionally incapable of anything like a sudden wave of affection. He could not look at Lucette and see the slender, black-haired, pretty girl he had married half a century before. Lucette was going to die! He heard the words and accepted them unhesitatingly, as he accepted all the hard, unyielding facts that made up his life. But, though the knowledge did not cut with the sharpness it would once have possessed, it stunned him.

Lucette was going to die! That meant loneliness added to the hardness of his lot; meant getting his meals and doing all the work of the house in addition to the bit of cobbling by which he lived. When his rheumatism rendered him almost helpless, there would be no one to ease and comfort him. There would have to be a funeral, and the small stock of money in the cupboard would almost disappear.

He did not think of ending his own life, although the prospect was almost unendurable, because his whole existence had been merely a physical fight for postponing and holding off the end of life. He clung to it with the instinctive tenacity of an animal.

When the first numbing shock of realization passed, Felix experienced a great and consuming anger. He could not find vent for it even in oaths, because it was too vague and indefinite. There was no object on which his wrath could pounce. His mind plowed heavily back to the beginnings of his

misfortunes. First Louis had gone, then—well, when that was said there was really nothing more. Louis had gone with the other young men of the village, and after that had come a weary monotony of empty days, each one perhaps a little drearier than the one before it. If Louis had stayed, none of this evil would have come upon them. There would have been plenty to eat in the house, plenty of work littering the floor about the worn cobbler's bench, which now held no more than two pairs of broken shoes scarce worth the mending. The house would have been merry with the sound of whistling and the tapping hammers, the street noisy with the shouts and laughter of young people, and Lucette would not have said that she was going to die.

He turned and looked up the length of the village street. The emptiness and stillness of it were terrible. Three figures moved. M. le Curé, a straight, thin figure in black, was walking slowly toward the church. François Lecalles, who had lost a leg at Mons, was hobbling homeward on his crutches. A single lean hen scratched apathetically in the dust of the road. Felix's anger crystallized and found a target. He burst into speech with a violence which made Lucette jump.

"*Mille tonnerres !*" he cried. "It takes my son, my trade, my food, and now it will kill my wife! And for what? What is there for me, Felix Gardeau? Does war put meat in my kettle? Does it send people to buy shoes of my making? Shall I be any better off when Louis comes home without a leg, or does not come at all? *Sacré nom d'un 'tit nom*—no!"

He turned toward Lucette, his lips opened for further speech. She was not looking at him; her eyes were again fixed on the distant hill. She laid her hand on his arm. He could feel that not only the hand but her whole body trembled.

"Look!" she commanded.

He followed the direction of her pointing finger. A solitary figure was descending the hill. Even in the failing light it was easy to mark the familiar cut and color of the blue uniform.

"Louis! It is Louis!" she whispered.

Felix's hard common sense fought against the instinctive credulity of the peasant in the face of signs and portents. Had not Lucette dreamed of this very thing—a lone figure in the road at sunset?

"No," he answered, "it cannot be Louis."

Nevertheless he stood up and narrowed his old eyes as he peered through the dusk, trying to discover a familiar swing to the gait of the blue figure coming toward them. Both the old people stood motionless until the soldier was close to the house. Then Felix said—

"Too tall by half a head—confound him!"

Lucette stood with her hands tightly clasped, trusting wholly to her instinct, making no effort to use her eyes. In front of the house the man in the steel helmet stopped.

"My son!" called Lucette.

"No, madame," answered Gaston, "I am sorry, but it is not your son. But perhaps I know him and can tell you of him. What is his name?"

"Louis Gardeau."

Gaston hesitated. He had looked at the two bent, gray-haired figures only as possible sources of food. But the woman's cry, with its pathetic depths of yearning, had touched him. Of course he knew no one named Gardeau. But what matter? What harm in a lie that would comfort these forlorn old people.

"*Le bon Dieu* knows there is sorrow enough, anyway!" he muttered. Aloud he answered Lucette: "But yes; I cannot really say I know him, but I know of him, as do many."

"You have seen him?"

"Now and then."

Lucette could not ask her next question at once. One withered brown hand fumbled at her lips, as though to aid them in forming the words.

"And he is—well?"

"He was twenty-four hours ago."

Lucette began to cry, quietly and happily. Felix sat unmoved; he had known all along, he assured himself, that Louis was alive. Gaston again took off his helmet and wiped his forehead.

"It is very hot," he said.

"Very," answered the cobbler, dryly. He was not eager for speech with soldiers. His mind was too full of the evil which they had brought upon him.

Gaston did not replace his helmet, but stood holding it, hesitating, wondering a little at his own diffidence.

"I am very hungry," he said finally. "I have had nothing to eat since yesterday afternoon. Will you give me something?"

Felix's reply was a surly grumble. There

was nothing to eat in the house, and no money with which to buy anything more when that little was gone. If the Government wished to turn every man into a soldier instead of letting him earn his living, it might at least feed them!

Lucette cut in upon him.

"He brought us word of Louis," she reminded her husband. "I think I could find a little bread and cheese."

"More than you find for me," grumbled the cobbler; then, gruffly, to Gaston, "Come in."

Gaston went in and sat down in a chair. Felix remained on the doorstep with his pipe. Lucette brought a few scraps of food to the table and asked timid questions. Gaston answered, telling her of the strange, mole-like life of the trenches. Unconsciously he talked, not as a man who had just put such things behind him, but as though they were intimate and by no means detested parts of his life. Lucette leaned against the wall, drinking in his words eagerly. For some time Felix sat with his back obdurately turned to the room, the sharp jets of smoke from his pipe alone betraying the fact that he was listening. At length he rose abruptly and strode into the room.

"All very fine talk," he exclaimed, "while you are eating my bread, the Germans killing my son, and the Government taking from the village every pair of shoes that might have come to me for mending."

"But let me ask you what good all this does me, Felix Gardeau? Do I care for holes dug in the ground and feet frozen in trenches full of water? Does the Government pin ribbons on my coat for all this? Not at all. It lets me stay at home and starve."

"What happened last summer, let me ask you? Why, just this: There were no young men to gather the harvest, yet the grain must be cut and threshed that there might be bread for the soldiers to eat. So we old ones had to gather it. It killed Simon Dugas, who was caught in the rain. It stretched Betol, the innkeeper, on his back with pleurisy, and he lies there now dying by minutes. Me? I was so stiff with rheumatism that for three months I could not drive my awl through leather. But we gathered the grain; the army did not starve!"

He paused for breath and waved his long pipe in a gesture consciously dramatic.

"Oh, yes, I am eager to hear of the war,

which has brought me nothing but ease and happiness! And I suppose that you have been sent with the word that we old men and women must go into the fields to gather another harvest that your precious bellies may be filled against another winter."

Gaston had picked up his knife, but had not yet touched the food before him. He put down the knife to answer.

"No," he said; "I have brought no such word. I was not sent. I came of my own desire. Listen, my friend. I believe wholly as you do in this matter of war. In Paris, where I have lived, I read a great many books. I understand now much that was not clear to me when I read. All these days I have been thinking."

"This is the way of it. Who am I? Gaston. What am I? Above all other things, a man. And because I am a man I have certain rights which none can take from me, even as you and all the rest of us have. So long as I obey the simple laws of right and wrong which bind men together in society I have the right to live, to work, and to enjoy the fruits of my labor. If any man or body of men attempt to take these things from me, I have the right to revolt. *Bien!* I have revolted."

Felix scratched his chin in perplexity.

"I do not understand," he confessed.

"No?" answered Gaston, warming to his work. "Well, it is like this. I was a clerk in a bookstall in Paris. I earned good wages. In time I should have had a stall of my own. And there was a woman I would have made my wife! Then, behold! I am told to rejoin my regiment, taken into Alsace, and set to killing Germans, who also do their best to kill me. I have no quarrel with these Germans. I do not even know why I am fighting. I am not happy; but I continue to fight because it is not clear to me what I ought to do."

"Then I think over all the things that I have read, and all at once I understand that what I am doing is wrong to myself and to humanity. So there is an end of it. I will not lose my rights as a man. They have been taken from me. I set myself to regain them."

"You have run away from the army?" demanded Felix.

"Men will say that," admitted Gaston. "For myself, I believe that I have only done my fullest duty."

Felix did not answer, but strode to the

table, picked up the plates of bread and cheese, and handed them to his wife.

"Put them away," he commanded, sharply.

"But I have not eaten," protested Gaston.

"Nor shall you eat food of mine," answered the cobbler. "Almost has my house been disgraced. Almost have I given food to a deserter. It was a punishment sent to me because I have grumbled and said foolish and wicked things."

"But I have done this thing only because I believed, as you do, that it was all wrong!" insisted Gaston.

Without a word, Gardeau moved about the room with surprising speed. On the way to the outer door he passed his bench, and caught up from it a heavy hammer with a short handle and a keen, slender knife that cut through stiff leather as easily as through cheese. He shot the bolt of the door and set his back against it.

"Lucette," he commanded, "you will go at once to the house of M. le Maire and tell him that Felix Gardeau has captured a deserter."

Frightened, trembling, but obedient from long force of habit, the old woman turned and left the room. Gaston, completely taken by surprise, sat motionless in his chair, his hands gripping the edge of the table, staring at the grim figure against the door.

"Because I am old and sick and often hungry, because my son has been taken from me and the village is empty of the young people, I have talked like a fool," confessed the shoemaker. "I have not read books. I do not understand all your talk of laws and men and society. But some things I know. I will not give food to one who has run away from the army. Louis, my son, has not run away, and he, too, is a man—though not near so big and strong as you.

"When I knew that there was a war, and that my son would go away and probably never come back, my heart was sore, and I said bitter things of which I have been ashamed. On the day when Louis and the other young men went away I could not weep, I could only curse.

"But I went later, with some others from the village, to see the regiment march to the railway and get into the cars. It was very hot, there was a crowd and much dust. We waited a long time, and the soldiers did not come. And I could think of nothing but that my boy was going away and we should be very lonely.

"Then away off somewhere there was a little noise which grew louder—tap-tap-tap—

a drum! Because I was old and lame and my son was in the regiment, they let me stand in the very front. I could stretch my neck and look far up the road. At last I saw them, their red trousers very gay, the sun shining on the barrels of their guns. Louder and louder sounded the drum, closer and closer they came. I stood in the road that I might see Louis and embrace him.

"The regiment was upon me. Already I had marked Louis, for he wears his cap always a little on one side and swings his arm—so!—when he walks. I was ready to step forward and call to him when some one in the column began to sing.

"One instant there was one voice singing, the next a thousand. My son passed so close to me that he could have touched me, but he had forgotten that I was there. His head was thrown back, and he was singing with his eyes on something in the air. The flag!

"*Eh bien!* it was a strange thing! I did not so much as think of trying to reach him; I took off my cap, I threw it in the air, I shouted, I sang, I wept! Something—*je ne sais quoi*—down here," he touched his breast with the little hammer—"seemed trying to burst. If Louis had come to me then and told me that his colonel had told him to go back home, I should have beaten him with my cane until he got into the car!

"Yes, I have lost my son, my wife is going to die, and my last days will be hard. And I have grumbled and complained and said things which should have burned out my tongue. But when I think of that day in the sun and the singing and the strange thing which moved in my breast, I know that all this is right, and I am content."

Gaston was suddenly upon his feet.

"Let me go!" he demanded.

"No!" cried the cobbler.

"You do not understand. I am going back to my regiment."

Felix had raised the hammer to strike. Now he lowered it, came forward and peered into the other's face, giving him a long, searching stare.

"It is true!" he exclaimed, drawing back.

"I see in your face what I saw in Louis's."

There was a sudden clamor of knocking at the door. Felix opened it and revealed M. le Maire, a short, pudgy man, perspiring freely at the thought of the task which lay before him. Behind him was a little crowd of excited people, Lucette in their midst.

"A thousand pardons, M. le Maire!" cried

Felix. "I am an accursed blockhead. I have made an absurd mistake. This man is not a deserter. He is returning to his regiment, and came out of his way to give me word of Louis. Even now he is going."

The Mayor drew an evident breath of relief. Gaston came out onto the steps.

"It is true," he said. "I have already lost much time, and must hurry."

He walked down the steps and approached Lucette, the people crowding about him eagerly.

"I will tell Louis that I have seen his mother," he said, "and that she is not going to die, but is going to wait until he comes."

"*Vraiment!*" answered Lucette, smiling through her tears. "I will wait."

Felix hobbled up and thrust into Gaston's hand a thick packet of bread and cheese.

"Remember," he warned, "if those black thoughts which are born of reading too many books should come to you again, you have only to sing and they will vanish."

Gaston nodded, waved his hand to the people, and swung off up the great white road. They watched the pale-blue figure until it disappeared in the gathering night, but presently a deep voice came floating back to them from the slope of the hill—

*"Allons, enfants de la patrie,  
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"*

Then Felix Gardeau smiled happily and laid his hand comfortingly on Lucette's shoulder.

## THE READER'S VIEW

### BRITISH REFLECTIONS

Kindly permit me, a sixty-year-old Englishman, an appreciative reader of *The Outlook*, and as a visitor to forty of your cities during a nine months' journey as lecturer and observer (1911 and 1913-14), to offer a few simple reflections on the British attitude towards the United States. Of course I speak of the broad average view, regardless of small sections.

The attitude may be described as one of settled friendliness. At certain moments, perhaps, it might be described more delicately as an entire absence of unfriendliness. I arrive at this proposition after consideration of many journals up and down the country, and of a variety of utterances among various political groups.

There is also a recognition, quiet and decisive, of the fact that the Government of the United States has revealed a somewhat unexpected slowness in treating critical issues raised by the conduct of Germany. I do not at all imply that public opinion here is dissatisfied with the result. Not at all; but our habitual conception of America as a prompt and hustling Republic has become curiously modified. We ask why the American machine works with such difficulty in vital international questions.

Speaking for myself—and as a warm admirer of the American life and genius—I find two causes of the American reluctance.

(1) One is the survival of the eighteenth-century tradition—fostered by your history teaching and literature—that the United States is, and ought to be, naturally detached from European and other non-American policies and complications. But the increase of world communications and the immense migration of

Europeans into the Republic have rendered this doctrine out of date.

(2) The obvious incompleteness of American nationality, taken as a whole. I believe the eighteenth-century nucleus, racial and spiritual, which is now dominant through its descendants, will continue to dominate, and more and more effectively. But the millions of fresh human material added since Lincoln's day have not yet, in spite of your splendid school system, reached a true moral blending. You are unmistakably on the road to the blending, and in the process your educational system is the prime agent; though, if I may venture to say so, I think it lacks affinity with the French method and spirit. For in a very profound sense the spirit of France is the central factor in civilization. Being English born and bred, I can suggest this without fear of misunderstanding, and I feel supported by the traditions of the French-American alliance in 1776-1783.

Just one other word. Europe (and, not least, England) is developing a new strenuousness and hardness of resolution, not only for the purposes of the war, but also for the tasks of reconstruction that will ensue. As everything is relative in human affairs, the situation may indicate America as somewhat backward, even though but temporarily, in preparedness for the vast demands of the epoch now opening. I shall never forget an address delivered to a great audience by Dr. G. E. Vincent at Wausau, Wisconsin, in 1913, when, I think, I was the only foreigner present. Dr. Vincent warned his listeners that Europe was cultivating a resourcefulness and enterprise which perhaps Americans, possessed of tremendous natural advantages, might be tempted to loosen grip of. For

myself, I do not suppose that Americans will weaken their industrial energies. But our modern conditions and a regenerated Europe will give rise to quite novel problems, which will call for spiritual courage and power as well as economic and business abilities. Of course the United States will evolve these spiritual capacities of adjustment to the new world of the after-war. But the *of course* of the philosopher has to be changed into the realities of the republican citizenship and polity.

I trust you will think I have ventured to express these thoughts with the deepest respect for the American people, their history and their destiny.

FREDERICK J. GOULD.

Armored, Woodfield Avenue,  
Ealing, London, England.

#### MORE GOOD WORK

There appeared in your editorial columns under date of May 17, 1916, a statement with the caption "The Young Men's Christian Association College at Springfield." The article was concluded with the sentence, "No college, so far as we know, has entered this particular field." The Young Men's Christian Association College, located at Chicago and at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, maintains courses covering practically all of the work which you have described in your editorial, and has maintained such courses for many years, this college being the initial effort of the Young Men's Christian Association movement for the vocational preparation of its employed officers, this beginning having been made in the year 1884 at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, two years before the Springfield college came into existence under the name "The School for Christian Workers."

Over fifty per cent of the entire number of Association employed officers of the Middle West are graduates or students of this College, while nearly twenty-five per cent of the entire number of employed officers in North America have been its students.

F. H. BURT,  
President Young Men's Christian  
Association College.

Chicago—Lake Geneva.

#### A MALAY ON AMERICA AND THE WAR

Mr. Stowell's article on "What America Thinks," in The Outlook for July 19, and especially his statement of the respect and consideration accorded to him as an American during his journey to the East after the war with Spain, remind me of an experience of mine in February, 1915. I was traveling up a Borneo river in the Limbang district of Sarawak, and late in the afternoon had arrived as far as the Malay skipper dared to take me in the Government motor boat. While waiting for canoes and men to carry me farther

on my journey, my Malay friend talked about the one topic of interest—the great war. Presently I discovered that he was preparing the way for a question that was very much on his mind, for these Malays will never come directly to the point in any matter of importance. At last his question came, "What is America going to do?" It was not in his mind that America would do nothing, and I, at that time little dreaming that we were, or could become, "too proud to fight," told him that we would do our duty in defending liberty. Here was a Malay, who had never been outside Borneo, unless possibly to Singapore, looking to America for leadership; and our President, thinking of "safety first," was seeking whom he might follow. Incidentally, as showing the extent of German propaganda in the East, this Malay told me that he had heard in Labuan that America was going to help Germany; "but," he said, "I couldn't believe that, for America was a part of England once"! Another time he said, "A Chinaman told me, if it weren't for America, Japan would eat up China."

But all this happened seventeen months ago, and now there are few languages in the world that do not contain the phrase, "too proud to fight."

HARRISON W. SMITH.

Springfield, Maine.

#### RECOGNITION AS A REWARD FOR MURDER

The third paragraph of the American note to Mexico, dated June 20, 1916, contains the following statements:

It would be tedious to recount instance after instance, outrage after outrage, atrocity after atrocity, to illustrate the true nature and extent of the widespread conditions of lawlessness and violence which have prevailed. During the past nine months in particular the frontier of the United States along the lower Rio Grande has been thrown into a state of constant apprehension and turmoil because of frequent and sudden incursions into American territory and depredations and murders on American soil by Mexican bandits, who have taken the lives and destroyed the property of American citizens, sometimes carrying American citizens across the international boundary with the booty seized. American garrisons have been attacked at night, American soldiers killed and their equipment and horses stolen; American ranches have been raided, property stolen and destroyed, and American trains wrecked and plundered. The attacks on Brownsville, Red House Ferry, Progreso Post Office, and Las Peladas, all occurring during September last, are typical. In these attacks on American territory Carranzista adherents, and even Carranzista soldiers, took part in the looting, burning, and killing. Not only were these murders characterized by ruthless brutality, but uncivilized acts of mutilation were perpetrated.

It was on October 9, 1915, was it not, that the Government of the United States recognized Carranza? Is not the passage just quoted a remarkable admission that the recognition followed on the heels of "attacks on American territory in which Carranzista adherents, and even Carranzista soldiers, took part in the looting, burning, and killing?"

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## BY THE WAY

When Sir Henry Irving was playing "Hamlet" in Dundee, Scotland, says Miss Maude Fealy in the "Dramatic Mirror," the cup for the poison in the last act disappeared one night. The property man's substitute in the emergency was one of the little stone jars that Dundee's famous marmalade comes in. When Sir Henry lifted the poison cup the words of the label, "Dundee Marmalade," were in full view. The manufacturer was in the audience. Instead of being offended at the idea of one of his jars containing a deadly potion, he went enthusiastically to Irving after the performance. "It was splendid, Sir Henry!" he exclaimed. "Marvelous! In all my life I have never had such a wonderful advertisement!"

"At all ages," according to a study of the "Psychology of the Negro" by G. O. Ferguson, Jr., "the physical development both in muscular strength and muscular speed is nearly the same for Negro boys and white boys. The same is true for Negro girls and white girls until the age of ten. After ten, Negro girls are stronger than white girls, but white girls are faster. The Negro girls are stronger probably because they do more muscular work than white girls do. Muscular speed seems to be little affected by conditions of life, while muscular strength is much affected by them."

An aeroplane camera is advertised. It takes small photographs like the films used in moving-picture machines. It is strictly automatic in its action; one pull of a cord sets the shutter, makes the exposure, winds up the previous exposure, and registers the number of the photograph. As many as 750 pictures may be made without recharging, and any number of these may be withdrawn for development.

A printers' journal which maintains an estimate department for its subscribers tells an inquiring Canadian firm, whose customer had paid his bill with suspicious promptness, that they had undercharged him, their charge being \$44.50 when it should have been \$61.50 to bring any profit. This amusing comment follows: "Sold for \$44.50! One may well quote what a noted Britisher (Tennyson) said about some other Britishers: 'O the wild charge they made! Some one has blundered.'"

"Need any more talent for your moving-picture dramas?" asks the heavy tragedian, as reported in the "Weekly Ithacan." "We might be able to use you," was the answer; "have you had any experience at acting without audiences?" "Acting without audiences is what brought me here."

John Burroughs, in the "North American Review" for August, pays a tribute to Walt

Whitman that deals in superlatives: "When, now in my old age, I open his pages again and read the 'Song of the Open Road,' 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry,' 'The Song of the Broad Axe,' ... and scores of others . . . I am borne along by a tide of life and power that has no parallel elsewhere in literature. It is not so much mind as it is personality, not so much art as it is Nature, not so much poetry as it is the earth, the sky."

A curious side-light on the war is found in the great increase in the production of jute in India. This has been due, says the "Two Americas," to the tremendous demand for bags for earth-work use. Before the war America was the largest purchaser of jute; now the warring nations get the bulk of this indispensable material.

Our esteemed contemporary, the "American Oxonian," remarks that "athletics at Oxford are, of course, at low ebb. The Americans and Colonials have tried to have regular Rugby 'squashes' during this term. They have played a few matches with teams of soldiers in Oxford and London. On Saturday, March 11, fifteen men took a trip to Cambridge. The annual Oxford vs. Cambridge match went to the Oxford team by the score of 11 to nil. The team was composed of ten Americans, three South Africans, one Welshman, and one Scotchman."

An American without a country, whose story is, however, unlike that of Edward Everett Hale's "A Man Without a Country," is John Raymond. He is described as an unreconstructed rebel who left the United States for Mexico in our Civil War, and now in old age and destitution is not legally entitled to protection either from the United States or from Mexico. It is said that a United States Consul near whom Raymond lives has offered to give him money to take him North, but that the offer was refused.

According to a recent announcement from Mexico City, over two hundred million dollars in Mexican paper money has been or will be burned in the courtyard of the National Palace, and the public has been invited to witness the spectacle. The money is of an old issue and has been supplanted by an issue less subject to counterfeiting. The other paper money still existing in some parts of Mexico is not worth counterfeiting and is hardly worth carrying around in bales.

Hitting off some current fashions which run to stripes, "Life" comments in rhyme:

"Sonia rivaled the sunset rays;  
Doris, the tender dawning.  
But, for a shock, just rest your gaze  
On Arabelle, gowned in an *awning*!"